

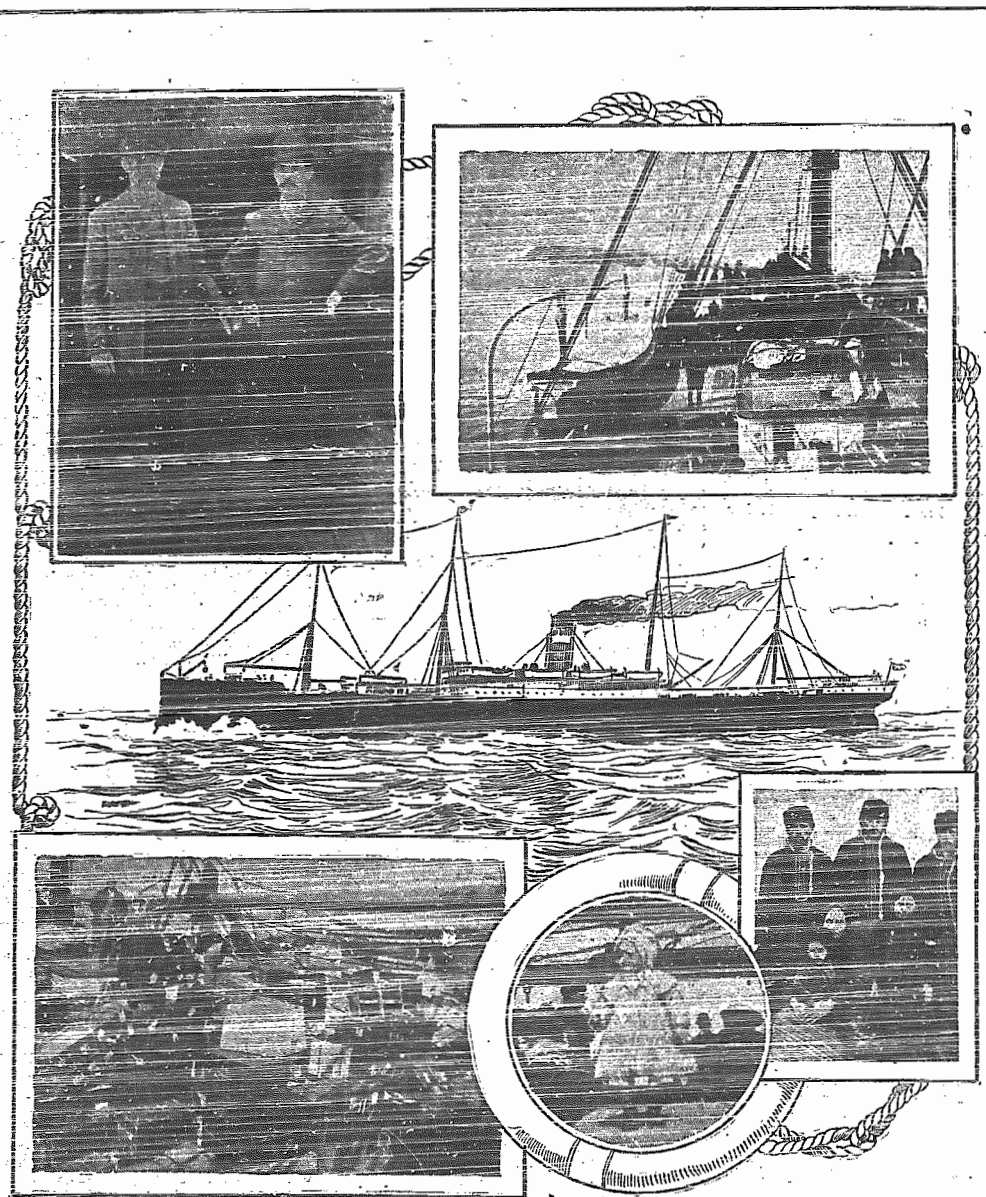
THE WAR CRY

OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

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WITH A CONDUCTED PARTY OF SALVATION ARMY EMIGRANTS TO CANADA.

1—Samples of Salvation 'Soldiery. 2—First Sight of Land. 3—Settlers' Effects. 4—A Fair Emigrant.
5—Some of the Kensington's Passengers.

THE FIELD OFFICER.

There, there he stands,
With beckoning hands,
And voice uplifted in the evening air;
He calls you back to heaven, and leads you there—
Ye who have gone astray
Into the dark, dark way.

He points with care,
And kindness fair,
To reckless steps you take toward the grave;
And tells of Him who seeks your soul to save—
Ye who have careless grown,
And seeds of anguish sown.

He shouts aloud
To break the cloud
That hovers o'er your sin-besotted face,
And hides from your sad eyes the sun of grace—
Ye who are slipping down,
On whom the worldlings frown.

He smiles and sings
Till angels' wings
Seem fluttering 'neath the starry sky so blue,
To wait a heavenly breeze to lead you—
Ye who are slipping down,
Whose happiness is brief.

With fearful voice
He asks your choice,
For God, and heaven, and righteousness, and peace,
Against the way where torments never cease—
Ye who all sorrow know,
And sin, and pain, and woe.

He kneels and prays
Through nights and days
Sometimes, because you have not come to God,
And made your peace with Jesus Christ your Lord—
Ye whom the Army greets
In gutters, lanes, and streets. C. I. D.

Shaking the Prayer Meeting.

The following incident has been sent us by Rev. E. B. Ryckman, of Altoona:

"Holy" Ann had been told that some member of the church she attended had said she was too forward, too ready to speak, too prominent in prayer and fellowship meetings, and made too much noise spoke too loud, etc.

This distressed Ann exceedingly. She was not concerned to know who said it, and did not ask, but expressed to me the pain she felt at the thought of offending any of God's dear children.

But, according to her habit, she spoke to her Father about it.

"Father, what shall I do?"
He said, "Go down into the orchard."

"What for?"
"Go down into the orchard."
Straightway she went. When she entered the orchard she asked, "Father, what now?"
He said, "Go on."

Near the middle was a young apple tree that was growing where a dead one had been removed.

"Stop here," was the intimation.
"What now, Father?"
"Shake the tree."

She put her hands to the little tree and gave it a vigorous shake, and a little dry branch that was clinging above was loosened and came down on her head.

Here was the answer! She returned to the house, and to her work, satisfied that if she shook the prayer meeting and anything fell on her head it would be a dry branch, and neither she nor anyone else would be hurt.

Thoughts on Holiness.

The essence of true holiness consists in conformity to the nature and will of God.—Dr. Lucas.

Holiness in the sacred Scripture means a hallowed state, a full, entire, and impartial consecration to the service and the use of God, a definite separation and dedication to His purposes and pleasure, so as that to be otherwise employed would be a desecration—a profanation.—Ibid.

We may distinguish between holiness and "perfect love," the latter denoting the state of the affections which arise from the purification of the heart. Fear is the offspring of sin, and therefore it is that "he that feareth is not

made perfect in love."—But as deliverance from all sin removes every cause of fear, perfect love is the product of holiness; for "herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world." It is not holiness, but the fruit of it; and results from purity of heart, as "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" results from our justification. Cleaned from all sin, we love God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves; and thus "the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—J. Milroy.

The most holy men are always the most humble men; none so humble on earth as those that live highest in heaven.—Aughey.

The enquirer after holiness should associate with those whose intelligence will instruct him, whose example will guide him, whose conversation will inspire him, whose cautions will warn him.—John Angel James.

One Brother's Way of Dealing with Satan.

S. "I am going to church to-morrow morning at seven o'clock."

J. "I thought you were a Protestant; are you going to mass?"

S. "No; I am going to a Salvation Army kneed-drill."

J. "What purpose is that for so early on Sunday?"

S. "To prepare one for the Sabbath and fill one with God's Holy Spirit for all day Sunday."

J. thought for a moment. "To fill one with God's Holy Spirit?" he said.

S. "Yes; we get in very close touch with God there, and consequently receive a wonderful blessing."

J. "That is just what I want; I will go too."

It was one thing to resolve to go and another to wake at six o'clock in the morning. So God's voice spoke to J. and said, "Ask what ye will."

In his prayers that night a request was made for awakening at six o'clock. Next morning when J. awakened he glanced at the clock and, needless to say, the hands pointed straight up and down—six o'clock.

J. lay for a few moments and heard a whisper in his ear to this effect:

1. The Sabbath is a day of rest and comfort.
2. Don't be a fool and rise at six o'clock on such a day.
3. Enjoy a much-needed rest.
4. Go next Sunday—lots of time.

J. was conscious of this temptation, but there is always a way of escape. Something all at once lovingly said, "There is God's richest blessing awaiting you at kneed-drill this morning." This appealed to J's good side, and he acted on the inspiration thus. He immediately gave three kicks.

1. One at the wall.
2. One at the bed-clothes.
3. One at the devil.

Result: In twenty minutes' time J. was on his way to kneed-drill, with a feeling of victory over Satan in his heart.—A Soldier, T. A. J.

A Command to Obey.

The command of God given by St. Peter, "Be ye holy, as He that hath called you is holy, in all manner of conversation," implies a promise that we shall be thus holy if we are not wanting to ourselves. Nothing can be wanting on God's part; as He has called us to holiness, He is undoubtedly willing, as well as able to work this holiness in us. For He cannot mock His helpless creatures, calling us to receive what He never intended to give. That He does call us thereto is undeniable; therefore He will give it if we are not disobedient to the heavenly calling.

The prayer of St. Paul for the Thessalonians that God would "sanctify them throughout" and that the whole of them—the spirit, the soul, and the body—might be preserved blameless, will undoubtedly be heard in behalf of all the children of God, as well as of those at Thessalonica.

What Became of Sam and Pete.

An Outcome of the Frisco Disaster.

By Adj. Collier, Vancouver Shelter.

They were prospectors, and had been prospecting their calling in a valley a little way back from Frisco, and having just sold their claim for \$13,000, were to start for British Columbia in a day or so. Sam had prospected near Rosland in days gone by, and he wanted Pete to go straight there, but Pete wanted to have a few days in Frisco, so his partner consented. On landing they put up at the W. Hotel, leaving their money for safe keeping in the hotel office, and being weary with travel they soon retired for the night. That was the last time Sam ever saw Pete, for it was the night of the awful disaster which befel that ill-fated city, and as far as Sam ever knew, his pard was buried beneath the ruins of their hotel, which was one of the buildings so completely destroyed, and the money went with the rest, as did also poor Sam's health.

Months have passed, and as Adj. Collier is on his way up Water St., Vancouver, B.C., he is hailed by a gentleman who enquires if he belongs to the S. A. Shelter, a little farther up the same street. When answered in the affirmative, the young man explained that a poor man had been found in a half-dazed condition, wet and cold from exposure, and was now being cared for by a near-by restaurant till someone could be found to take him away, for they feared that he was "all in" (meaning near death). The Adjutant and the kindly-hearted citizen half carried him along to the Shelter, where he was placed beside the fire, warmed, and otherwise cared for, and as he commenced to come back to life again he related the afore-told story of himself and his friend Pete. In due time a doctor was sent for, who assured those in attendance that Sam's days were numbered. He was sent to the hospital, and in about forty-eight hours after being admitted he passed out into the great beyond. While we were waiting for the doctor to come, we asked him if he believed in God. He said:

"In a general way, as men do, so do I."

"Have you ever asked Him to forgive your sins, Peter?"

After quite a pause, he replied that he did not think he ever had.

The following Thursday we conducted his burial service, with no one present save the undertaker and his assistants, but together we sang that beautiful old song which has been sung at so many such services, "Shall we gather at the river" and prayed that God might bless the poor stranger, of whom there are so many in this far western country, and as we did so we thought of the following verse of an old song,—

"After the days of childhood, after a mother's prayers,

After the years of manhood, freighted with woes and cares,

After a thousand chances, after the final call,
Bitter the wail of the spirit; lost after all.

Infinite justice found Christ to be without spot or blemish, and therefore sealed, pointed out, and accepting Him as a proper sacrifice and atonement for the sin of the world. Hebrews ix. 13, 14. The love of Jesus is free and so communicated that He is not content till He has given Himself, and that not for His own happiness, but ours. How ought we to adore and thank Thee, O Jesus, for Thy wondrous love to us sinners, and how ungrateful and worse than ungrateful must be the heart of that Christian, who desires not to live more to Christ than to himself.

My first question about any doctrine is: How does it come downstairs out of its dreamers' intellect and behave itself in the kitchen? How does it put on its apron and tuck up its sleeves and go to life's daily work? How does it go into the chamber and hush itself into gentleness and quietness, and what does it say to the pained heart, and what to the obbing life? By its fruits let it be known—what it can do in the plain, every-day-circles of life shall be its proofs to me of its heavenly origin.—Dr. Parker.

Men who can allow sin to remain in them, cannot have it taken out of them. When they cannot tolerate it, they can be delivered from it.

The Prodigal Son Up-to-Date.

Not a Parable, but a Fact—Read It, Young Men.

A certain man in Canada had two sons.

And the younger came to his father one day and said, Father, I have split rails, and hoed corn, and done all the drudgery of a Nor-West farm until I am tired of it. Give me, I pray thee, a portion of thy goods, that I may go to England and make money, even as others have done.

And the gray-haired father said, Go not, my son. Why leave the land of maple groves and flowering plains where feed the herds of woolly sheep and fat cattle? Why leave thy home with its golden hominy and fish and flesh?

Go to; plough the corn-lands; round up the cattle on the ranches; drain the maple trees of their sugary sap; live a healthy, happy life on the farmstead, and worship the God of thy fathers; but leave us not, I pray thee.

And the young man said, I will go. I will away to the great City of London. I will see life. Per-adventure, if it be not what I expect it to be, I will return to mine own land and to my kindred.

And the father gave gold to his son, and parted sorrowfully from him.

And the young man took ship and arrived in London, even in that far country, England.

And it came to pass when he had beheld the spacious taverns, with their sparkling liquors and ruby wines; the peacock theatres; the painted women with gay dresses, that the pride of life ran strong in him, and, in the vernacular of the land he was in, he exclaimed, What ho! Now for a jolly good spree on the old man's money.

And it was so, that when certain inhabitants found he possessed

Globular Sovereigns,

they professed a great liking and friendliness for him, especially certain women, who, with much flattering, persuaded him to spend money on strong waters, that they might drink freely.

Then took they him to halls of music, and to places where fleet horses ran for prizes. Then were their mouths filled with the laughter of the drunken, and the foolish sayings of those filled with wine.

And it came to pass, yea, it was so that the gold of the young man was required to pay for all the wine-bibbing and the riotous eating of flesh.

For this is after the manner of the people who frequent the gilded houses where is sold the wine, and who play with cards, and who back the swiftness of horses with money. Therefore, young man, he was of these people.

Then became the head of the young man sore, and his eyes red like unto flames of fire, and the taste of his mouth like unto bitter ashes. Then was he, on rising from his couch, fain to snivel himself with a brandy-and-coda.

Then one day, when the morning was far spent, he arose from his slumber, and sought for money, but there was none. He had wasted his substance in riotous living.

Then entered his chamber the good man of the inn, who, with much saluting, presented his bill, and meekly desired payment.

Then was the young man humiliated and affrighted, for he had no money, and with much mouthing said so.

Then was the mien of the inn-keeper changed like unto a demon—yes, a roaring demon. His mouth was filled with poisoned words. He made threats to

Call in the Policeman.

And the young man agreed with his adversary to leave his watch, his trunk, his clothes, and all that was his, with the inn-keeper, until he had money to pay. And the inn-keeper thrust him out.

Then called he upon the men and women who had professed such great liking for him, and to whom he had lent money, and he implored them with touching words to repay him, but they laughed him to scorn and derided him.

Then he was angered, and fell upon them with bitter words and hard blows; but they rose up against him and beat him, and cast him out bruised and bleeding.

Mark ye, O reader, the words of the Wise Man, and learn from the example of the Young Man:

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?"

"Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?"

For by a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread.

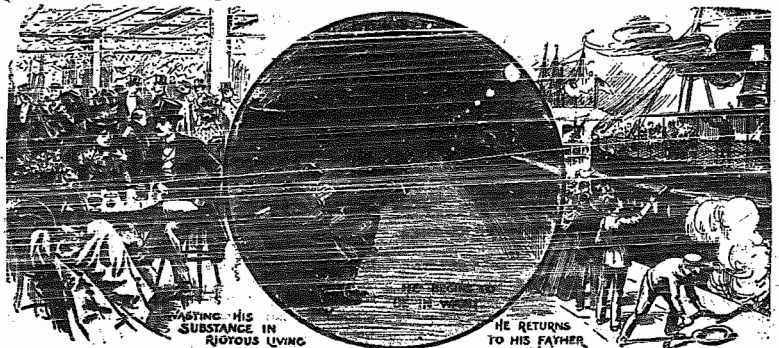
"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

"Poverty and shame shall be for him that refuseth instruction."

When the young man found himself homeless and hungry in a far country, he said unto himself, I have had my spree, the Gold-bug has departed; now I will hire myself out to a citizen of this country, and will rake together the shelds.

Then girded he his loins, and set himself to seek work.

But his accomplishments were not what the city he required, and no one would hire him.



Then he began to be an hungred, and that night, and many succeeding nights, slept he under the starless, wintry sky.

Now it came to pass that his boots and his clothing became broken and ragged, and by his much fasting he had gotten thin and pale, and no man would hire him—no, not even to feed swine.

And he would fain

Appease His hunger

with the crusts of bread and discarded fruit found in the gutter.

Then remembered he the luscious fruits of Manitoba: the salmon, and the moose-flesh, and the great plenty he had left behind, and he repented of his folly.

One night he sat on a bench on the Thames Embankment. Cold blew the damp blasts of the river. He sank into his thin clothing to protect his body from the cold.

He contemplated his miserable condition, and communed with himself and said: I am starving; no man will give me work. What shall I do?

Then, said he, I will enlist me as a soldier, I then shall be fed and be clothed.

And when the morning dawned, he tramped to a recruiting-depot in West London, and offered himself to serve the Queen.

Now, when the recruiting-sergeant saw the tall, raw-boned young man, he thought he saw before him a likely soldier; and spake soft words unto him, and the spirits of the young man rose.

But when the medical examination took place, it was discovered that his sight was defective, and once more he was rejected.

Then was his soul disquieted, and hope was cast down.

What shall I do? he said. If I stay here I shall starve to death. How many of my father's hired men have gold and abundance of good things, while I perish with hunger?

And again he remembered the puddings and plenty of the Canadian farmstead, and he longed to be there.

Then remembered he also that the Salvation Army had done great things for the poor.

And he marched about London looking for the Salvation Army, and lighted upon the open-air meeting of a South-Indian corps.

Then followed he the corps to the barracks, and set on a form throughout the meeting.

Nearly Fainting

with hunger the while.

And when the prayer meeting was in progress, the Captain, after the manner of the Salvationists, approached the young man, listened to his story, took him to his quarters, gave him a good square meal, and then exhorted him to repentance.

Then did the young man, when his sins were made known to him, humil in prayer and ask forgiveness for his sins against heaven, and resolved to return to his father that he might plead for forgiveness of sins before him.

And the next day did the Captain of the Salvation Army bring the repentant prodigal to the Social Secretary at the Salvation Army Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street.

Who straightway wrote to the father, telling how his son who was lost was found again, and desired to return home.

Then was also temporary work found for the young man, and he was fed and cared for by the Salvation Army until a letter breathing out forgiveness and containing money to pay his passage home was received from the father.

Then was the soul of the young man lifted up

because his father had had compassion on him and had forgiven him.

Then, also, did he bless the Salvation Army for what they had done for him in his day of destitution.

And it came to pass that the Salvation Army Transportation Department secured a passage for the young man to his native shores.

And an officer accompanied the returning prodigal to the ship, and wished him God-speed as the big vessel was warped out of the dock.

When the ship, after much buffeting with the tempestuous seas, steamed into the Canadian harbor, another Salvation Army officer was on the look out for the returning wanderer, who was promptly cared for, and put on the most direct route for home.

And, lo! his father—even his gray-haired father—met him and welcomed him back to the old home where the maple trees grew, and the fat stock fed on the spring fountains and prairie grass.

And the old man rejoiced exceedingly because his son which was lost was restored to him again, and who, being spiritually dead, was now alive in Christ.

Reader, thou who art a prodigal from God, hearken to the Wise Man:

"Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding."

"The years of the wicked shall be shortened."

"The wicked shall not inherit the earth."

"He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it.—Isaiah xxxv, 8.

TO CANADA

With a Conducted Party of Salvation Army Emigrants.

SOME OF THE EMIGRANTS—DOWN THE MERSEY—SAILING ON SUNLIT SEAS—A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—MAL DE MER RAMPANT—FINE WEATHER AGAIN—MEETINGS ON BOARD SHIP—SOME TESTIMONIES.

"God be with you till we meet again!"

These were the last sounds that fell upon my ear—and they remained when all other sounds had merged into the roaring of the great express train as, developing speed, she shot into the blackness of midnight, bound for Liverpool.

"God be with you till we meet again!"

Silver trumpets had sounded the strains and hundreds of human voices had sung those comforting words. Some of the singers needed comfort, for husbands had left wives and children, and sons and daughters had left sorrowing parents in the Old Land while they went to try their fortunes in the new.

One aged couple who had been Salvationists for thirty years, had sold up their little home and undertaken an ocean voyage to unfamiliar scenes in order that they might assist their son, who had sustained a husband's greatest loss, and had been left on a homestead in the Northwest with nine motherless little ones. The aged grandmother, who had already brought up thirteen children, was cheerfully going out to grandmother her son's offspring.

She Liked the Sea.

Another old lady, aged seventy-six, with eyes as bright as a robin's, and cheeks and arms as wrinkled and bony as an old elm tree in midwinter, was going out to her daughter, also in the Northwest. She got off at Quebec, and had a seventy-six hours' railway ride before her. When asked about the voyage, she said it was beautiful, and if she had known what going to sea was like she would have come out years before.

But all were not old. There were tuxom mothers with lusty youngsters, going to rejoin their husbands, who, having done well, had sent home for their wives and families to come out also. They were not sorry that the anxiety of selling the household goods and getting the children's clothing ready for the voyage was over, and that a brief period of rest lay before them on shipboard.

There were also others, for a ship is a veritable little world, and among the passengers on board the R.M. "Kensington" was to be found almost the whole gamut of human suffering. Here is a touching little story of personal sacrifice.

A Sensible Act.

A young woman, a sincere Christian, was engaged to a young man whom she loved very dearly, whose temporal prospects were very bright, but who began to develop atheistical tendencies and to sneer at the things which she held most sacred. A controversy arose in her heart. The Pauline injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," confronted her, and she was torn with conflicting emotions—human love on the one hand, and love to God on the other. She decided for God; but although the decision brought to her satisfaction of soul, she felt that every street and lane reminded her of the lost love, and she decided to go to new scenes beyond the western wave. We feel sure that God will bless and honor this young woman for her singleness of heart.

Amongst the men there were some splendid specimens of manly vigor and length of limb. Men who can be relied upon to help lift the country of their adoption.

Russian Refugees.

The departure of the steamer was delayed for a couple of hours in order that a party of refugee Jews, who were fleeing from the persecutions in Russia might be taken on board. They had terrible stories to tell of imprisonment, starvation, and death. So it will be seen that it was with mixed feelings that the passengers of the Kensington returned the cheers of those on shore as the good ship, head to sea, swung from her moorings and went out with the tide. The Kensington proved to be one of the steadiest boats afloat.

The Mersey presented a picture to linger in the memories of those who looked a long farewell on their native shores. All sorts of craft sailed the

waters, whose ripples gleamed in the rays of the western sun like glistening scales of a mighty dragon. The sky was cloudless, and the receding shores became enveloped in a purple haze that made the picture fair to look upon as the good ship Kensington steamed away, motionless as a drifting boat on a Thames backwater.

Friday dawned equally fair, and all the passengers were brave. The presence of that fell imp, seasickness, was hardly perceptible, and in steerage and saloon the signal for meals was awaited with ravenous impatience.

Christ at Sea.

On the afterdeck meetings were held twice daily, and four times on Sunday. Out of the two hundred passengers traveling under the auspices of the Salvation Army there were about fifty Salvationists, and no Salvation Army officer needed a more talented or willing body of workers than these comrades proved. Capt. Halliday, the official conductor, affable, energetic, a born sailor, and a talented concertina player, assisted Brigadier Rand, who was traveling to Toronto to take charge of the Canadian War Cry, in the meetings. Some truly encouraging times were experienced, and some marvellous testimonies to the transforming power of the grace of God were given, which evidently impressed all classes on board.

One comrade, who had in his life played many parts, told a wonderful tale. An acting quartermaster, sergeant-major in the British army, he was degraded to the ranks through drunkenness; a metropolitan policeman, he was dismissed from the force for striking a superior officer; a publican, he, in a fit of drunken despair, attempted to cut his throat, inflicting a ghastly wound, as a terrible cicatrix remains to show; a husband, he left his home with the intention of deserting his wife and family, but going into a distant town in order to throw enquiring friends off the scent, fell in with a Salvation Army open-air meeting at which words were spoken which went straight to his heart and led him to repentance. He told us how he, a one-time penniless drunkard, by the blessing of God, his conversion in the Salvation Army ten years ago became possessed of houses and a banking account. It was a wonderful story, and no doubt will bear fruit amongst the young fellows who drank it in so greedily.

A Russian's Story.

There were other testimonies that made the meetings a source of unalloyed interest to passengers of all classes. I have already mentioned that there were a number of Russian peasants, and Russian Jews on board. These, attracted by the sound of the cornet, the concertina, and the song-singing, gathered at the meetings with open-mouthed interest. Whereupon a sister, who gave her testimony in capital English, told how that three years ago she came to London a poor Russian alien, unable to speak a word of English. She got into a situation as a domestic servant, and was led by a fellow service girl to go to the Salvation Army, where she got truly converted and became a happy young woman. She then gave her experience in Russian to her countrymen, who showed their appreciation of her remarks by roundly applauding her at the close.

There were some terribly tragic stories told me by some of these Jewish refugees.

One intelligent looking woman, about thirty, was introduced to me. She was a native of Odessa. She and her sister had been thrown into a jail where her sister had been starved to death, but she herself, by the aid of two friends, managed to escape from prison. But her friends had been shot dead when affecting her release. After this it is not surprising to learn that she became a red-hot revolutionist; and other of the refugees bore in their bodies terrible indications of the cruelties to which they had been subjected in that unhappy land—Russia.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYING LEAGUE

Prayer Topic: Pray that a real definite work of grace may take place in the life of all who seek a deeper consecration during the Holiness Campaign.

Sunday, Nov. 4.—Salvation Armor.—Eph. vi. 5-12.
Monday, Nov. 5.—True living.—Phil. i. 1-23.
Tuesday, Nov. 6.—Christ's Great Descent.—Phil. ii. 1-16.
Wednesday, Nov. 7.—At Any Cost.—Phil. iii. 1-10.
Thursday, Nov. 8.—All needs Supplied.—Phil. iv. 1-23.
Friday, Nov. 9.—Spiritual Manhood.—Col. i. 1-12.
Saturday, Nov. 10.—Exhaustless Treasury.—Col. ii. 1-10.

By the Praying League Secretary.

A Year Ago and Now.

A year ago the Commissioner organized the Praying League to link together the soldiers of the Lord Jesus in united prayer.

The object of the League was to concentrate a great volume of prayer upon specific objects. The members were requested to read the lessons for Bible study continued weekly in the War Cry, and in addition to general supplication for the salvation of sinners and the inspiration of Christians, to unite in earnest petition on the special subjects mentioned in the League Column every week. Nearly nine hundred comrades and friends have responded to the appeal, and are at present members of the League.

May we not venture to hope that this number will be greatly increased in the future?

Reasons Why You Should Belong to the Praying League.

I.—"Union is strength." United prayer for any object brings blessing to the object of prayer and the individual who prays.

II.—The Daily Bible Readings are a bond of union in thought and purpose.

III.—Many members have written of personal blessing received in their own work and Christian life.

For instance, one officer writes that he attributes the revival in his corps to the prayer and faith of the League members in his town.

A friend tells that through the League she has been brought out into a life of obedience to the Lord.

A brother says that he has been enabled to settle a great difficulty through the same source.

We could multiply these instances many times over.

Why should you then not be in this current of blessing?

IV.—Men and women of spiritual power have always been persons great and mighty in prayer.

Paul prayed without ceasing. The Pentecostal baptism of the Spirit and the conversion of three thousand souls in one day were preceded by ten days of prayer and praise. Luther used to pray three hours a day. John Knox used to spend whole nights in prayer. John Wesley spent half and whole nights in prayer. James Brainerd used to lie on the frozen ground at night wrapped in a bear's skin, and cry to God to save the Indians.

All these, and multitudes of other consecrated soldiers of the cross, have been much used by the Holy Spirit in turning the world from darkness to light.

Why not you be such an one?

Some of Commissioner Kilbey's Sayings.

The Salvation Army is scarcely out of its cradle and the wonderful God-given opportunities about us are tremendous.

The blessed unity of our dear Army in all its various departments is a glorious source of wonderful strength.

Hallelujahs sent by mail get cold before they are received.

Let us not be contented with the point we have climbed to, but let us climb higher.

A great danger lies in being too easily satisfied. How much can I do for God, and not how little is what should occupy our mind and time.

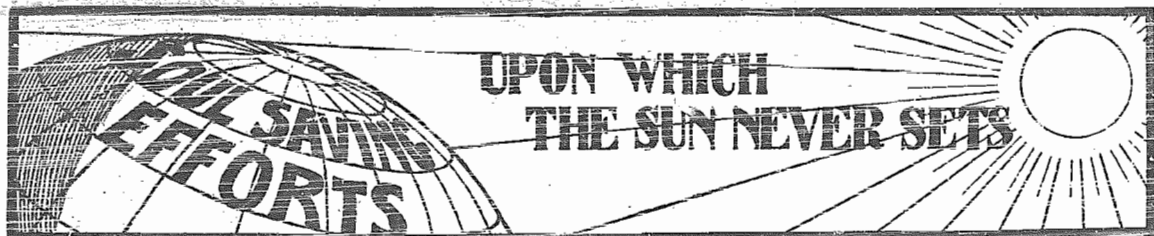
Let everything in every department lead to the salvation of souls. Keep the penitent form ever in sight.

Lots of people sing and talk about serving God but He wants some "do" when we mean service.

The penitent form is not far from the gates of Paradise.

The great essentials to success in our work are rot education and dignity, but love for God and compassion for humanity.

Keep clear of inconsiderate criticism.



United Kingdom.

The Holiness Campaign has awakened much interest, therefore the British field and the present month will probably witness a great revival in many of the chief centres as a consequence of these special meetings.

Mrs. Commissioner McKie, who has been touring in Germany and England, leaves Southampton on Monday on her return to Australia. Mrs. McKie is in much improved health consequent upon the rest and change of the past few months.

Meier Brewer, who has been located at the Training Homes at Clapton for the past month or two is returning to the United States on Saturday.

Holland.

Colonel Brengle is continuing his Holiness Campaign with many evidences of divine favor. At Groningen 179 souls were at the penitent form. A number of prominent people, including university professors and clergymen, attended the meetings, some of them quite regularly, and expressed great sympathy with the Campaign. The Colonel is looking forward to a glorious time at The Hague.

Australia.

Brigadier Graham has been conducting special revival campaigns with marked success. At Ipswich, Queensland, fifty-five came forward to the mercy seat, and at Toowoomba forty-two for salvation and twenty-four for holiness were registered. The Brigadier, in writing, states that the recent congresses conducted by the Commissioner have created a real thirst for spiritual things in the hearts of our officers and soldiers.

Commissioner McKie has just concluded a series of most successful salvation meetings in South Australia.

The Ballarat Police Court Magistrates the other

day remanded a girl, pending arrangements being made for her entering the Army's Rescue Home at Geelong.

Plans for important Social projects in New Zealand are being prepared. A number of men are pushing on with extensions at the Metropole at Melbourne, which, when completed, will give twenty-five extra rooms. The Building Department at Territorial Headquarters has been more than ordinarily active of late.

United States.

That Commander Eva Booth's improvement in health is a permanent one there is now abundant reason to believe. The improvement continues, and officers and soldiers throughout the world will unite in thanks to God for the good news.

The Chief Secretary has recently inspected the Eastern Scandinavian work. An all-round upward tendency was noticeable, while the number of new openings, with the promise of more in the near future, was especially good, and the increase in the number of corps properties nothing short of remarkable.

Switzerland.

The Town Council of Zurich has made a grant of Frs. 5,000 in favor of the Army's projected Women's Home in that city.

Japan.

Brigadier Duce, Chief Secretary, recently visited Kobe for the first time since the corps entered into possession of its new hall—a building which promises to give the Army a splendid chance in this rising place. Although it was in the middle of summer, and the weather was very hot, yet a big congregation assembled to greet the Brigadier. A commissioning of local officers was conducted without a word of English, and five souls were netted towards the close.

Capt. Harrington was appointed to Nagoya some four or five months ago, and although so new to the country, and not meeting a single foreign officer since her arrival, she fought bravely on, and with the assistance of Capt. and Mrs. Kono has accomplished great things. Capt. Harrington is now left alone with her interpreter and another Japanese woman helper, but the soldiers are rallying round her in true warrior fashion, and she is most hopeful of the future. Nagoya has the name of being especially hard for Christian work; it is a conservative, strongly Buddhist city, and hard to move. The Army's representative, therefore, has done well.

The arrangements for an officers' meeting and opening of a hall at Tokyo (Asagusa) recently, was sadly interrupted by a typhoon. The officers' meeting was held only at the expense of the Chief Secretary's having to wade through volumes of water. About 10,000 houses in Tokyo were flooded, although the typhoon was only local and lasted but a few hours. The opening of



A Totem Over a Grave near the Indian Rancherie, Campbell River, B.C.

the hall was successfully piloted through on the following evening.

Some fifteen of the men Cadets were recently at Yokohama for a day's spiritual meetings. At the holiness gathering in the morning one of the Sergeants of the corps said in his testimony, "When I got saved I was in very awkward financial circumstances, owing to my past life, so that after my conversion we were often very short indeed, but the Lord has blessed me since then, so that to-day I am able to receive all the Cadets and take delight in entertaining them. When I was first a soldier I could only manage to fire five cents per month in my cartridge less than three cents, but now, thank God, for some time I have been able to give two yen (one dollar) per month."

India.

Major Christo Charan, of the General Territory, has met with a serious accident in a rough fall from his horse. His leg is broken above the ankle, and it is probable that he will be confined to his bed for several weeks at least.

Colombo District is enjoying a season of unparalleled, which is being helped wonderfully by Brigadier Cooke's meetings. During three days eighty people came to the penitent form. Officers and soldiers are in splendid fighting trim.

South Africa.

Acting-Commissioner Richard, during his recent northern tour, visited Vrededorp, which was opened only four months ago. He found things all alive, and between thirty and forty Salvationists taking part in the open-air meeting held before the indoor gathering. At the latter a number came forward for salvation.

The Annual Congress for the western section of the South African Territory has just been held at Cape Town. Expectations ran high and a record time was anticipated. A notable feature of the Congress was the marriage on Sunday of the Commissioner's only daughter, Capt. Maggie Richards, to Ensign Chard, of the Zulu work.

The Shah of Persia has signed the reform ordinance demanded by the clergy, and dismissed the ex-Grand Vizier Ained Dowleh. This action puts an end to the agitation and business is being resumed.



Japanese Tea Planters.



Young People's Page

Typhoon and Fire.

Hong Kong has recently been the scene of two great disasters. First, a terrible typhoon swept over the place, doing great damage to shipping and property, and then a fire broke out on a vessel in the harbor, which caused the death of hundreds of people. The steamer Hankow carried 2,000 Chinese passengers—men, women, and children, and seven Europeans. She was loaded with a cargo consisting of 300 bales of matting, 563 bales of raw silk, and 400 bales of waste silk. Early one morning

The Hankow Arrived from Canton and was moored at the wharf, and shortly afterwards the chief officer reported to the captain that the ship was on fire. The captain immediately gave orders to turn on the water through the fire hose, but before this could be done the vessel was ablaze, fore and aft.

The ship was soon a veritable furnace, and the passengers were thrown into a panic. They shrieked aloud for help but owing to the inflammable nature of the cargo it was impossible for much aid to be rendered.

The Flames Leaped to a height of sixty feet, and a British steamer lying at the same wharf had to be towed out to save her from destruction. The Governor of Hong Kong made a suggestion to scuttle the ship, but it was found to be impracticable. Not until 6 a.m. was

the fire brought under control, and by that time only the shell and hull of the Hankow remained. The gruesome work of recovering the dead was then commenced. They were found huddled together in groups, some only slightly singed while others were burned beyond recognition.

The cause of the fire is unknown, but the theory most generally accepted is that it was the work of an incendiary.

DID YOU EVER TRY TO COUNT A BILLION?

Even Mathusalem Had Not Time—it is so Tremendous a Sum that a Conception of it Can Hardly be Formed by the Human Mind.

When Americans talk about "a billion dollars" or a "billionaire" they think of a "billion" as one thousand millions. The word "billion" was originally used in France to denote a million of millions—or one million raised to the second power. At that time figures were pointed off in series of six by the French, and when the custom of pointing off threes came into existence the French transferred the meaning of billion to one thousand millions.

Ordinarily, to-day, the French do not use the word "billion" at all, but refer to the sum of one thousand millions as a "milliard." In England "billion" means a million of millions—the more consistent meaning, in view of the origin of the word.

In the following attempt to make the meaning of a billion more vivid, the English billion, of course, is referred to.

What is a billion, or rather, what conception can we form of such a quantity? We may say that a billion is a million of millions, and can easily represent it thus: 1,000,000,000,000. But a school-



Honoring the Brave.

boy's calculation will show how entirely the mind is incapable of conceiving such numbers.

If a person were able to count at the rate of 200 a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours in the day, he would take to count a billion 6,944,444 days, or 19,025 years 210 days.

More are living creatures so minute that a hundred million of them might be comprehended in the space of a cubic inch. They are supplied with organs and tissues, nourished by circulating fluids, which must consist of parts or atoms, in reckoning the size of which we must speak, not of billions, but perchance of billions of billions.

And what is a billion of billions? The number is a quadrillion, and can be easily represented thus: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

The same school boy's calculation may be employed to show that to count a quadrillion at the rate of 200 in the minute would require all the inhabitants of the globe, supposing them to be a thousand millions, to count incessantly for 19,025,875 years, or more than 3,000 times the period during which the human race has been supposed to be in existence.

Since these statistics—which are quoted from an old article by Professor Law, in Jameson's Journal—were prepared, our idea of the age of the human race has very materially stretched: Six or seven thousand years hardly accounts for the development of the civilization of ancient Egypt.

Honoring the Brave.

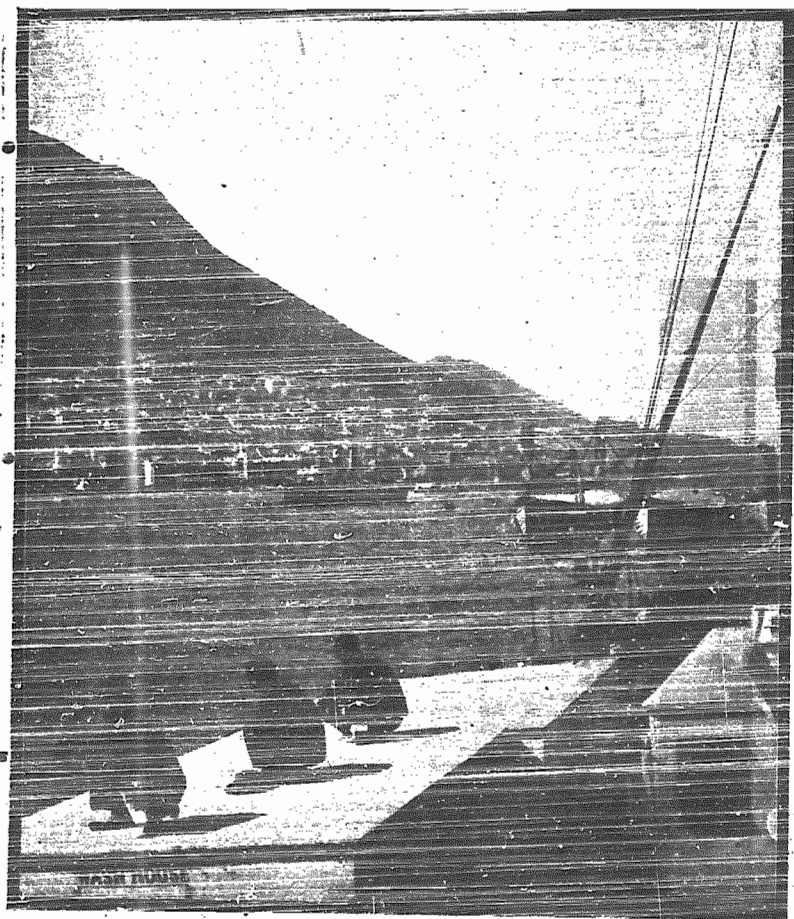
Two men were one day walking along the track of a railroad in Scotland when an express train overtook them. The younger man attempted to drag his companion off the line, but before he could get clear himself the engine had plowed him down, and as a result his left foot was taken off and his right arm broken.

The King of England heard of the incident, and while on a visit to Aberdeen presented Robert Munro with the Albert Medal of the second class and shook hands with him, thus showing his Royal appreciation of the gallant act. The scene of the presentation was in Marischal College, and on the left of the King in the picture above is seen Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada.

A Snake Story.

Do snakes swallow their young as a protection? The question is in no wise settled, although the following story is convincing:

"The first time this came under my notice was in 1890. I was roaming over the fields when I saw a good-sized garter snake very near me, with many cross little ones around her. As I approached her she placed her head flat on the ground, opening her mouth and making a peculiar noise. The little ones evidently understood, for they all ran into her esophagus. I picked her up by the neck and put her in a bag and took her home. On examination I found I had about twenty snakes, including the mother. They were kept together in a box, and when I told the story to my friends they ridiculed me. It was not long, however, before every person in the house was convinced of my assertions, from witnessing the fact themselves.



The Harbor of Hong-Kong.

Recently swept by a terrific typhoon, which occasioned the loss of over five thousand souls (some estimate seven thousand), whilst the damage to property amounted to several million dollars.

Press Comments

On the Congress at Toronto.

The dailies of Toronto were unanimous in their kindly recognition of the series of Congress services. Lieut.-Colonel Gaslin found himself besieged with reporters daily, anxious to publish as much as possible of the council deliberations as he found himself able to give them. The public meetings also received favorable notice, and in no case of which we are aware was there an adverse criticism.

Under the heading:—

"SALVATIONISTS ARE PATRIOTS.

Army is Helping to Build Up Canada."

The Mail and Empire gave an interesting and lengthy report of the civic welcome, from which we take the following extracts:—

"Three hundred delegates, from all parts of Canada, assembled at the opening of the Twenty-Fourth Annual Canadian Congress of Salvation Army Officers, at the Army Temple, Albert Street, last night. They were officially welcomed by Acting-Mayor John Shaw, and listened to addresses from Ald. Vaughan and Hay, and others. Commissioner Coombs occupied the chair in the large auditorium, in which an audience of fully 800, including the delegates to the convention, were gathered.

"Of the many good citizens of Toronto, there are none more anxious for the welfare of the city than the members of the Salvation Army. That

addressed a special meeting of the council on the work in Canada.

"Canada's contribution to the evangelization of the West Indies will be Ensign and Mrs. LeCocq, who were dedicated under the Army flag for work in Trinidad.

"The reports of the past year show progress in every branch of the work. Toronto has 1,600 Salvationists, an increase of 125 over last year.

"Several suburban lots have been bought, with a view to erecting more buildings. There are ten Army citadels in the city at present, and the Staff Officers think that, as soon as the necessary funds are raised, the new ones will be in demand. The Temple on Albert Street is to be enlarged also."

SUNDAY'S MEETING IN THE MASSEY HALL.

The general impression created by the two Massey Hall services may be gauged by the following extracts from the Toronto Globe's report.

"Yesterday was a busy day for the Salvation Army. In connection with the Annual Congress of Officers of Ontario and Quebec, now in session, special services were held in Massey Hall. In the afternoon a memorial service for the officers and soldiers who during the past year have passed to their reward was held. The feature of the service was the excellent singing by the 'White-Robed Songsters,' a band of little girls garbed in white. Commissioner Coombs, in opening the meeting, stated that this was the first service of the kind, but it was intended to hold it annually hereafter. About 3,500 persons attended.

"From Bethlehem to Calvary," as told by Com-

powerful address thrilled his hearers. —James E. Calvert, Capt.

Parliament St.

Staff-Capt. Turpin, assisted by Adj. and Mrs. Oriehton and other officers, led on at this corps. A lively open-air was conducted by the Adjutant at our usual stand, and a very striking and original address was given by the Staff-Captain in the hall.

Lippincott.

Brigadier Turner was in charge of the proceedings here. Many old officers of the corps supported him, amongst whom were noticed Adj. and Mrs. Knight, Adj. and Mrs. Halkirk, and Ensign Freeman, also a large number of visiting officers. A bright testimony meeting was entered into enthusiastically, and the Brigadier drew the meeting to a close by a short Bible address.

Lesgar St.

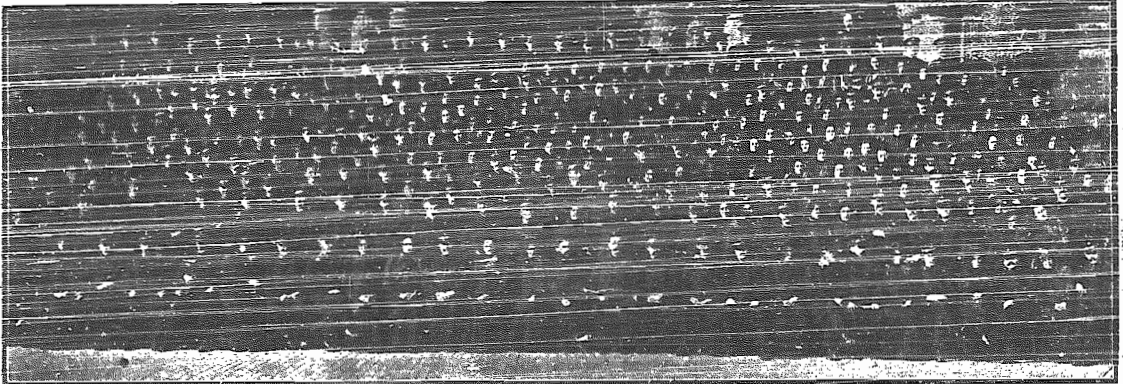
Lieut.-Colonel Sharp led on here. Amongst the visiting officers were some from the States. The Colonel gave a thrilling and heart-searching address from the text, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

Riverdale.

Brigadier Burditt was the leading officer on the bridge, and a very bright meeting was held. The Brigadier's address was powerful and interesting.

Dovercourt.

Brigadier Hargrave, assisted by many officers of the E. O. Province, conducted the meeting here. Many testimonies on holiness lines were given by



Some of the Officers Present at the Fall Councils, Toronto.

organization, I can report, is in better condition than ever before in its history, but I must add that we are not satisfied," said Commissioner Coombs, as, with a few graceful remarks, he introduced Acting-Mayor Shaw. That gentleman regretted the inability of Mayor Cowsworth to be present, and added that if he were, he could not claim a greater interest in the Army than he did himself. From its first advent in the city he had felt its value. Toronto was called the Good, but there was a lot of work to be done in it, work which the Army was well qualified to perform. The Salvation Army taught of a glorious home in the future, of a God of love, and, the speaker was convinced, was carrying out the teaching of Jesus Christ. He never saw his soldiers in the streets without wishing to doff his hat and say, "God bless the Army." The spirit of love in it was going to do more good than any other agency. He welcomed the delegates most heartily to the City of Toronto.

"You are doing a work that neither the Anglican, Methodist, or Presbyterian Churches are equipped to perform," was the pronouncement of Ald. Hay. Ald. Vaughan, too, spoke earnestly of the labors of the organization and referred to several incidents of its early history."

THE INAUGURATION OF THE HOLINESS CAMPAIGN.

(Toronto World.)

"Fidelity was the keynote to an address given by Commissioner Coombs at the inauguration of the Holiness Campaign held at the Salvation Army Temple last night. Fully eight hundred delegates and friends of the council were present.

"In the afternoon Staff-Capt. Mantion, of Toronto, who is on the eve of departing for service in the Emigration Work in England for the coming year,

missioner Coombs, with the aid of moving pictures, at the evening service, was a powerful presentation of the old, old story. The leading incidents in the sojourn of Christ upon earth, from the nativity through His early years, His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the last supper, the betrayal, the crucifixion and the resurrection were portrayed. The Commissioner was assisted by an excellent choir and by the Headquarters Band, reinforced by the bands from the various city corps.

"The building was packed to the doors long before the service commenced."

Congress Sunday Morning IN TORONTO.

Reports from the various city corps are to hand as follows concerning the morning holiness meeting: Temple.

The Chief Secretary, assisted by a number of Headquarters Staff, conducted a powerful holiness meeting at the Temple. The Bible lesson was pointed: Mrs. Colonel Kyle and Brigadier Southall spoke very helpfully and Brigadier Rowell pulled in the net, which brought to the mercy seat several earnest seekers after holiness.

Yorkville.

The Congress Sunday morning holiness meeting and open-air at Yorkville was conducted by Major and Mrs. John Rawling, D. O. of the land of N. O. D., supported by quite a number of Staff and Field Officers. The open-air was well attended, as was also the meeting in the hall. God came and blessed us. Much good was done. The Major's

prominent Staff Officers, after which, the Brigadier gave a splendid address on "Singleness of Purpose."

Prayer Wanted.

Many testimonies as to the power and blessing of the recent Congress meetings have been received from those within our ranks, but the following extract from one of the letters received from those we term "outsiders" show how widespread is the holy influence of these gatherings:

"Since my short stay in Canada I have attended Army meetings wherever possible, to all, I may say, of my Congress meetings to which the public were admitted, and have remained till the close. Needless to say how thoroughly I have enjoyed and appreciated them. They have been of great spiritual blessing to me, and have impressed me with a purer and truer conviction than has been in my heart for years.

"Would I could testify as I have heard so many testify, . . . I cannot yet say with my whole heart and soul, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' . . . Will you pray for me. Give me your careful and prayerful intercession for the softening, blessed influence of the Holy Ghost."

Comrades, pray that this dear soul may receive the joys of God's full salvation.

The good tree is good in its fruit-bearing, and therefore should be carefully preserved and nurtured. The corrupt tree is good for nothing, and therefore should be chopped or burned. But final judgment belongs to God. His providence preserves the sincere Christian though he be weak as a bruised reed, but his face is set against those who wilfully do evil.



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Notes and Comments ON HOLINESS.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

The following pungent paragraphs from the pen of Mr. Branswell Booth, relating to the great Holiness Campaign that is now being waged by the Salvation Army throughout the world, will, we are sure, be read with profit by all interested in the doctrines and spread of personal holiness in this country:—

Again I would like to draw attention to some of our special publications on this great subject. "Holy Living," by the General, is a masterpiece of simplicity and illuminating power. Do not think any less of it because it is published at one penny. Colonel Bragg's "Heart Talks on Holiness," in the Red-Hot Series, as well as the same writer's "Way of Holiness," in the Warriors' Library, which I named last week, are most valuable little books. "The Life of David Storer," in the Red-Hot Series; "Perfect Love," by J. A. Wood, a more expensive, but an invaluable book, and "Purity of Heart," by the General—issued in a cheap form specially for this Campaign—are also of immediate value.

Experimental.

The chief value of these and other books of a similar character is that they not only set before us a correct standard of truth, but that they are intensely practical and experimental. The doctrine or theory of Full Salvation is set forth and defined, guarded against the attacks of unbelievers on the one hand, and the tendency to fanaticism and self-righteousness on the other. But they do not stop there. The truth is pressed home with loving directness and skill, and ever and anon the questions leap forth, "Why go on expecting to grieve God any other day?" "Will you now be cleansed from all unrighteousness?" "Will you reckon yourself dead united unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord?"

A Perilous Expectation.

The whole question is a question of faith. Multitudes of the professed followers of Christ expect to sin, and to sin every day. They regard it as the regular—the normal—condition of Christian life that they should constantly come under the bondage of some form of wrong-doing. Though they may not say it in so many words, they live—astonishing as it seems—on the basis of this false standard of Christian fellowship and attainment. It is their real sentiment and expectation, and it is therefore their actual experience. According to their faith it is done unto them.

Is not this a perilous state of things? Is it not directly opposite to the teaching of the Word of God? Is it not wholly inconsistent with any kind of real enjoyment of the favor of God? Does it not tempt His anger?

Prayer that Fails.

Is not this expectation the secret of much unanswered prayer? It is astonishing how readily all sincere Christians are able in what they pray for. Everywhere is heard the cry "Preserve me this day without sin." "Make me perfect in every good work to do Thy will." "Give me victory in temptation." "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." "Thy will be done."

What wonder that prayer like this, offered with the expectation of failure, should prove fruitless, disappointing, burdensome? What possible use is there in making resolutions and promises of a full obedience, and praying for strength to keep them, when at the same time there is the expectation that they will be broken at the first trial? Prayer in such circumstances becomes little better than a security and a snare.

"No Day Life."

One of God's saints thus describes his life lived under just such conditions:—

(Continued on page 10).

The Commissioner at the Temple.

Representative from I. H. Q. Present—Dedication of Brigadier and Mrs. Bond—Lieut.-Colonel Kitching Gives a Thrilling Talk on "Death"—Nine Souls Come to Christ.

THURSDAY NIGHT'S HOLINESS MEETING.

On Thanksgiving night the Commissioner conducted the holiness meeting which really formed the first of the month's campaign. A splendid audience had assembled and a glorious influence prevailed from the start. The meeting was, as all these meetings of the campaign will be, preceded by half an hour's music, rendered by the excellent Temple Brass Band, interspersed with singing by the Singers and Cadets. This fact, no doubt, largely contributed to the mellow feeling that prevailed at the very beginning.

A very definite and personal testimony was given by Capt. McFetrick, after which our old friend, Staff-Capt. Manson, who is now in England on a visit connected with education, sang his favorite song, "Only the blood," and then gave a testimony which came direct from his heart and went straight to the hearts of those who heard him.

The General Secretary also gave a personal testimony, as clear-cut as a diamond facet, and made a striking statement. It was to the effect that for a large number of years he had endeavored to commit one verse of Scripture to memory.

Colonel Egan, in a very impressive manner, read the 27th Psalm.

The Commissioner was in excellent form, and his address, based on the words of Jeremiah, "I will not fail thee," was a spiritual treat. We observe that the Commissioner takes the precaution of preparing notes, a wise proceeding, for with his exuberant fancy and versatility of thought, his remarks, or "digressions," as he terms them, might obscure the main topic did he not at times refer and bring himself back to it. The result is that the Commissioner's talks are like well-grown trees—the trunk firm, with the side branches starting out at frequent intervals, bearing the ripe fruit of old truths in new them as of silver as well as of gold.

Spice will not permit of our even reproducing the Commissioner's main points, but the fact that a large number of seekers after holiness, and several far gone, were found as the merry song when Lieut.-Colonel Fugate drew in the net, showed that God's word had gone home to the hearts of the hearers.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

The Temple was already well filled with an eager and expectant crowd when the Commissioner, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Kitching and the leading officers of Territorial Headquarters made his entry on the platform. The whole of the congregation stood up while the Commissioner voiced the desires of all Salvationists present and presented their petitions to the Throne of Grace.

"We pray, Lord, that Thou wilt bless, help, comfort, convict and save in this meeting. Let everything that is done here to-night have Thy smile and favor."

The Chief Secretary then lined out the opening song, which

Struck the Key-Note

for the whole of the program and addresses which followed. "Death is coming, surely coming," was the weighty and solemn message of the evening, and throughout the whole of the proceedings that great fact was emphasized by one after the other till everyone was made to feel the necessity of being fully prepared to meet death's last enemy.

Mrs. Brigadier Taylor and Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Egan prayed fervently and simply that God's blessing would rest on the meeting, and that souls might be brought to God through the truths brought to bear on that night.

The Commissioner then spoke for a while on the ceremony he was about to conduct. "One of the

Most Interesting Features

in it," he said, "was the fact that he was not only about to dedicate Brigadier and Mrs. Bond to their work in Canada, but their children also, who lived to see the children of officers in the Army growing up to take their places in our ranks, and in their turn assuming responsibilities as officers. He then

referred to the conversion of Brigadier Bond, which happened in Cornwall, that place of wonderful revivals. They were going to shut down the mine there on one occasion, because the people were all getting converted, and were holding prayer meetings all day and all night, so anxious were they about their souls. The Brigadier had then been sent to South Africa, where he first entered upon journalistic work, being Editor of our War Cry there, recalled to International Headquarters, he was appointed to the Editorship of the Social Gazette, in which he

Visited the Fleet

of the peer and outcast classes for many years. "Now he comes to Canada," continued the Commissioner, "and we welcome him in the name of God and the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army. We cannot over-estimate the importance of our Army literature, and I want you all to pray that God will give the Brigadier all the necessary grace and wisdom that will enable him to make our papers the success they ought to be, and may be used of God to stir up all that is best in us through the pages of the War Cry."

While the Chief Secretary held the flag, and Brigadier and Mrs. Bond and their three children closed it, the Commissioner solemnly charged them to be true to the principles it represented. "I do not only ask for an answer from your lips, Brigadier," he said, "but

Shall Look for an Answer

is a continuance of the faithful service you have hitherto rendered."

At this juncture a few words from Lieut.-Colonel Kitching were most appropriate. On behalf of comrades in the Old Land he thanked God's richest blessing on Brigadier and Mrs. Bond and wished them many years of continued usefulness and happiness in their new sphere of labor. The prayer of the Commissioner which followed was full of earnest desire for the greatest advancement of God's Kingdom, and with that end in view he prayed that "our new comrades should receive the wages of real solid satisfaction that their ways please Thee."

Brigadier Bond, who was enthusiastically greeted, then stood forward to speak. "It is with varied and deep feelings that I stand here to-night," he said, "but

Chiefly I Feel Confident

—I am thankful for the kind reception given us to-night, and my soul goes out in gratitude to God for His many mercies towards me. I am thankful that my sins are pardoned, and thankful that God ever raised up an organization like the Army, which affords such an excellent opportunity for thousands of young men and women to rise to positions of honor and usefulness. I am thankful for coming to Canada, and trust I may be able to do something that will influence the nation for truth and righteousness. I also stand here as an ambassador for Christ to warn you to flee from the wrath to come, and to hold out a hope of salvation through Christ."

The Brigadier then gave a solemn message from the text, "The soul that sinneth in shall die," and dwelt upon various death scenes he had witnessed impressing everyone with the definiteness and reality of the closing scene of man's mortal life.

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching then followed up the remarks of the Brigadier by a thrilling talk on

The Certainty of Death

looking for his death, "When death, and where is he?" "How important it is to make the most of every opportunity God gives us," he urged upon the people. "Death comes to rich and poor alike, and after death we shall all be judged according to what we have made of the opportunities we have had."

"Who is going to decide to make the most of the opportunity you now have of obtaining salvation?" thundered the Lieut.-Colonel. "It is God's appointed way for you to settle the question, in this hall to-night. How many will do so?"

In response to this appeal ten people held up their hands, one of whom came right out to the platform scene. Lieut.-Colonel Fugate then took hold and a lively prayer meeting went on, during which nine souls sought Christ.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

"And there was a great calm" describes the condition of Headquarters during this week. The bustle of the councils and the excitement caused by the presence of so many officers and soldiers on the stairs and in the corridors having ended, everything seemed very dull and quiet. The after effects of the councils will, however, be enduring, and it will not be a surprise to hear that revivals have broken forth here and there throughout the country.

The Commissioner has decided to repeat the service "Bethlehem to Calvary," on Sunday, 23rd of December. This will, no doubt, be appreciated by a large number of Toronto people who were turned away from the doors of the Massey Hall on the last occasion. It is an entrancing subject, and its presentation by means of moving pictures very beautiful.

The presence of Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, the Private Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, in Toronto seemed to link us up very closely with International Headquarters. The fact that the Colonel is in close touch with the General and the Chief of the Staff made his presence all the more welcome and agreeable. His meetings on Sunday and Monday night were much enjoyed. I had the pleasure of piloting the proceedings on Sunday morning and afternoon. The Commissioner presided at the two evening meetings.

The Colonel spoke with much power, his addresses being full of illustrations which brought the work of the Army in distant lands vividly before us all. The stories he told of remarkable conversions in Europe were an inspiration and an incentive to our officers and soldiery to do more daring exploits for God.

We were pleased to learn that the General is in excellent health and busy with the affairs of the Kingdom of God every day. It is wonderful how he maintains his vigor and force. Some of the stories told of his recent campaign and the soul-saving results were blessed indeed.

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching left Toronto for New York on Tuesday. En route he called at Brantford and Dundas. His intention at the latter place was to take a loving message to the mother of Lieut.-Colonel Moss from her son in London. This will be a great joy to his mother.

The Commissioner leaves for St. John, N.B., and St. John's, Nfld., Thursday morning to conduct the Annual Councils. Great preparations have been made and there is every prospect of great victory. Staff-Capt. Morris, of Newfoundland, is full of hope that the councils this year will pass all previous records.

Lieut.-Colonel Sam Rees, the newly-appointed Provincial Officer for Newfoundland, will arrive in Canada about the 25th of October. In a letter received from him, he spoke very hopefully of his future appointment, and is coming full of faith and fight. His installation meeting will take place on Sunday afternoon in the Methodist College Hall, St. John's. It is most fortunate that he arrives at this time, when all the officers of the island will be present in St. John's, and he will no doubt be given a very great and enthusiastic reception.

Staff-Capt. Morris has proved himself a capable and efficient officer during the time he has been compelled to hold on in Newfoundland in the absence of a P. O. He has kept things going splendidly and kept us well informed. The Lord has blessed his labors and we congratulate him upon his success. He writes very kindly of the incoming P. O., and will inspire the officers and soldiers in the reception of their new leader.

We regret that it has been found necessary for Capt. Calvert, late of the Soo, Mich., to enter an hospital in Toronto, he having had for some time some internal complaint. It was thought to be appendicitis, but the doctors say that it is not, and we do not think an operation will be necessary. Free for the Captain, that God will strengthen and restore him speedily as he is a faithful and devoted officer.

(Concluded on page 11).

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching at the Temple.

THE MORNING HOLINESS MEETING.

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching Talks on Idolatry—Five Seek the Cleansing Fountain.

At the Temple, on Sunday, Oct. 21st, Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, Private Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, was given a public welcome, and received a most enthusiastic reception from the congregation present. On being introduced by Colonel Kyle, our visitor from I. H. Q. expressed his great pleasure at being amongst Canadians. It was his first visit to the Dominion he said, and he fully intended to make the most of the opportunity before him and "have a good time" in the sense that Salvationists use that expression. This makes his twelfth Territorial Headquarters he has visited during his career, and he was glad to be here as a Salvationist, with the same simple spirit he had when he knelt at the feet of Christ as a boy. The Lieut.-Colonel then read a passage of Scripture from the book of Deuteronomy, and asked the blessing of God upon it. Adj. Williams and Mrs. Brigadier Howell each gave a short testimony, after which Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Brigadier Howell sang together, "None of self, and all of Thee," accompanied on the piano by Capt. DeBow. Brigadier Taylor was then called upon to pray that the address about to be given would be blessed to everyone present, after which Lieut.-Colonel Kitching spoke in a powerful and interesting manner on "Idolatry." It was a heart-searching and convincing talk and when Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire afterwards put the question to the audience, "How many are not cleansed, but believe in the possibility of it?" eight people held up their hands. Five of these came right out to the penitent form when the invitation was given and were dealt with by various officers.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Farewell Words of Two D. O.'s—Incidents of Continental Warfare.

Considerable interest and expectation had been aroused for the afternoon by the announcement that Lieut.-Colonel Kitching would speak of the S. A. work on the continent, and a goodly crowd assembled to hear him. This meeting was also made the occasion for a few words of farewell from two newly-appointed Divisional Officers, Staff-Capt. Hay and Staff-Capt. McLean. They both referred to their early days in the Army, and thanked God for the measure of success he had given them as officers. They were going to their new appointments full of faith and hope for the accomplishment of great things. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin then asked God's blessing on the words to be spoken, and Lieut.-Colonel Kitching gave many interesting reminiscences of his Army career in Germany, Sweden, France, Switzerland, and Belgium. At Berlin he had the pleasure of being present at the welcome meetings of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, and he speaks a brilliant future for the Army press in Germany under the direction of that capable and devoted officer, who is so well known to the readers of our Canadian Cry. It was God who started the Army; it is God who opens the way for us; it is God in whom we trust. Many interesting incidents were then related concerning difficulties in securing halls, the persecution of roughs, and the salvation of noted characters, and the Lieut.-Colonel concluded his address by a personal appeal to the audience. "What are you doing for Jesus Christ?"

THE MAN IN RAGS.

The Curse of Drink—A Census of Hell—Appeal to Drunkards—Eleven Souls at the Mercy Seat.

The announcement that Lieut.-Colonel Kitching would give a lecture on the poor of London, in a costume of rags, drew quite a large crowd to the Temple on Monday evening. The Temple Band was in full force, and quite a diversion was created as they marched in from the rear of the hall all playing vigorously. Closely following them came Commissioner Coombs and his Staff, and a disreputable looking fellow, with bare feet and torn clothes came limping up the aisle along with them. When the excitement caused by these unusual proceedings had somewhat subsided the Chief Secretary lined

out the opening song, "Soldiers of our God arise," and soon the whole congregation was singing heartily. In introducing the lecturer for the evening the Commissioner said, "My dear comrades and friends, we are assembled to listen to a man who may be described as a

World-Wide Salvationist.

As a young man, he has been honored with great confidences and responsibilities, and is well able to tell us something about the work that is being carried on by the wonderful organization to which we belong. His visit to Canada is a short one; we wish it could be prolonged, but on behalf of the officers, soldiers, locals, and bandsmen, I do not only say God-speed to him, but also, 'Haste ye back again.' I now introduce to you the 'Man in Rags.' (Great applause.)

The rugged one rose to his feet and at once caught the attention of all present by his powerful voice and dilapidated appearance.

"These are Not My Clothes."

he announced, "they belong to Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. (Laughter.) I want to say also that I am not a drunkard, nor the son of a drunkard, in spite of my appearance to-night. The poor drunkards of London have always interested me. ('God bless you, Colonel,' from Shouting Jimmy.) Ever since I was a small boy I have been trying to get hold of these poor people and influence them for God. The Salvation Army has recognised what a fearful curse strong drink is in every country, and has therefore enjoined upon all its people, whatever rank they may hold, the condition that they swear off the drink for ever, and be examples of sobriety to the world around them. If we examine into the causes which lead men into our prisons and lunatic asylums we would find that eighty per cent. were there through strong drink. If it were possible to take

A Census of Hell!

no doubt we should find that the majority were carried thither by the passions and lusts excited by strong drink. Let us, therefore, do our utmost to stay the ravages of this fearful monster and banish it from our land."

Many striking illustrations were given by the Lieut.-Colonel during his talk, showing how by patient endeavor and unbounded faith in God even the worst can be reclaimed and brought to Christ. The speaker was in the habit of spending his Saturday nights in the public houses, endeavoring to win the frequenters of those places to better ways. One night as he was playing the piano and singing a song an old man came up to him and said, "Mister, I haven't been near a church for years, but your song has made me think of my soul to-night, and if there's salvation for me I am going to seek it now." Down they

Knelt in the Bar-Room

together, and the old man arose a new creature in Christ. For a whole week the Lieut.-Colonel saw no more of his convert, and began to think he had given way to temptation. The next Saturday he again visited the same pub, and as he entered the door the bar-tender said, "We have been looking for you. Do you remember the old man whom you prayed with here last week?" "Yes." "Well, he is dying, and wants to see you." Down in a low lodging house he found the poor old fellow, and as he entered his room the eyes of the week-old convert lightened up. "Oh, sir," he said, "I was longing to see you before I died. I want to tell you that I am all right. Jesus saves me now." He then attempted to sing a chorus, but before he could get through with it his spirit had gone to meet God.

With many touching incidents such as above the Lieut.-Colonel illustrated his talk, and created a profound interest amongst the listeners.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire then took charge of the meeting and started to pull in the net. One by one they came forward—sinners, deep dyed, or only beginners—they all had to come to the same road and kneel at the feet of the same forgiving Christ. Eleven souls were registered in all.

At the conclusion of the meeting Lieut.-Colonel Kitching shook hands with many of the officers and soldiers present. We wish him God-speed, and hope he will soon visit our shores again.

AS HE WHICH HATH CALLED YOU IS HOLY, SO BE YE HOLY IN ALL MANNER OF CONVERSATION.—1 Peter 1, 15.

PURITY OF HEART

Notes and Comments ON HOLINESS.

(Concluded from page 8.)

Letters by General Booth: To Salvationists and Others.

I. PURITY: WHAT IT IS.

My Dear Comrades,—

We Salvationists are always singing or praying or talking about a Pure Heart. Indeed, there are few subjects of which we more frequently speak, or in which we more truly glory. Some of our most beautiful and heart-stirring songs are on this theme. Perhaps no one is more frequently sung by us than that commencing,

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely spilt for me!"

Is not that beautiful? But it goes on better still—

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect and right, pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!"

Great, however, as is the power of such songs to stir our hearts, perhaps nothing delights the genuine Salvationist more than the definite testimonies of those living in the enjoyment of the Blessing, or the earnest prayers for its bestowment, or the fervent appeals to Comrades to secure this Pearl of great price, so often heard of in our ranks.

And yet I am afraid that many of our Soldiers do not definitely experience and openly profess the enjoyment of the Blessing; and I have been thinking that, perhaps, it is because the subject is not so well understood as it should be. I propose, therefore, to try to explain it in a few Letters, which I hope my Comrades will carefully consider.

Now, please remember that my subject is "Purity of Heart." I want to explain what we mean by a Pure Heart; to show how you can obtain the precious treasure, if you are not possessed of it already; and how you may keep the Blessing when attained. I will start off by saying:—

We all know what is meant by being Pure. When we talk about the purity of things around us, we mean that they are clean and unadulterated. That is, that they are not only without dirt or filthiness, but have no inferior substance mixed with them.

When we say that a man is pure, in the religious sense, we mean that he is right and honest and true inside and out; that he not only professes, but practises the things that have to do with his duty to God and man.

Sin is spoken of in the Bible as filthiness or defilement of the body, mind, or spirit. Purity in Religion must mean, therefore, the absence of such filthy things as drunkenness, gluttony, dishonesty, cheating, falsehood, pride, malice, bad tempers, selfishness, unbelief, disobedience, or the like.

In short, to be pure in soul, signifies deliverance from all and everything which the Lord shows you to be opposed to, His Holy Will. It means that you not only possess the ability to live the kind of life that He desires, but that you actually do live it.

Now, Purity, I need not tell you, my Comrades, is much admired and greatly desired by all right-minded beings. To begin with:—

We all like material purity; for instance, I am sure that everyone reading this Letter prefers to have a clean body. When you rise in the morning, you are not comfortable till you have washed yourselves. When the miners come from the pit, or the farmers from the field, or the girls from the factory, their first demand is for water with which to cleanse themselves.

You like clean clothes and clean linen, do you not? Consider the money and labor that are expended in keeping your garments clean.

You like a clean home. See how the housewife scrubs and washes and brushes and dusts to keep the floor and windows and furniture clean.

You like a clean city. What a laborious and costly sweeping of the streets, and carrying

away of rubbish there is; and what money is spent on the fixing and cleansing of sewers to keep our towns and cities sweet and pure.

We like this sort of purity, because it is pleasant to the eye and good for health. We know that dirt is hateful to the senses, breeds vermin, generates cholera, plague, and diseases in general, and hurries people to the grave. So we hate it, and say, "Away with it; let us be clean!"

But all right-minded beings admire the purity of the soul far more than they do the purity of the body, or the clothes, the home, or anything else; and that, because it is so much more important. For instance:—

(a) God Loves Soul Purity. It is His nature to do so. I have no doubt, like us, He prefers to see His children outwardly clean. He tells us, through Paul, that we are to have our bodies washed with pure water; but the washing of the heart is far more desirable to Him than that of the body.

"His saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there."

Yes, God delights in Holiness. Heaven, His dwelling-place, is pure. Its inhabitants are pure. Its employments, and enjoyments, and worship are all alike pure.

(b) The Angels love Purity. If any unholy creature could, by any means, be introduced into the Celestial City, the inhabitants would. I am sure, avoid such a creature, as we should avoid a being who had some dreadful disease.

(c) The Devils know that Purity is a precious thing—although they hate it and oppose it with all their might.

(d) Many wicked men admire Purity. They look on it as being beautiful and desirable in others, although they regard it as being impossible to them. In their thoughtful moments, when the Spirit of God strives with them, when the recollections of the innocent days gone by crowd into their memories, and they see people who they know are clean and good, they hate themselves because of their own impurity, although all the time refusing to submit to God, and to accept the Salvation that would make them pure.

(e) Lost souls in Hell feel how infinitely superior Holiness is to Wickedness. They see now how much better it would have been for them if they had washed their hearts in the Blood of the Lamb when they had the privilege of doing so. Oh, what would they not give to have such opportunities as those enjoyed by you!

Are you in love with Purity, my Comrades? Perhaps you possess it. Perhaps you have been to Jesus for the cleansing Power, laid yourself at His Feet, given up your doubtful things, offered yourself to do His Will, living or dying, and believed that the Blood of Jesus Christ has made you clean.

Oh, if that experience has been yours, happy are you, and happier still if you are walking in the power and peace of that experience to-day. If it is so, I congratulate you; I delight in you, and praise God on your account.

But if this Blessing is not yours, are you longing after it? Does the thought of it fill your soul with desire? Does it make you feel like the poet, when he sang:—

"O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

Come along, my Comrades.—Your happiness and your influence are all connected with your being made holy. Oh, I beseech you to kneel down here and now, and ask God to make you each and all pure, by the Power of the Holy Ghost, through the Blood of the Lamb.

(To be continued.)

"Purity of Heart," by the General, can be obtained from your officer. Price 5 cents.

"Under a bog life I lived during these eighteen years, stumbling here, floundering there, sinning and repenting; starting over on the line of new obedience, only to lay again the foundation of repentance from dead works." "Faint, yet pursuing," was the motto I often applied to the life I was living. I looked 'into the perfect law of liberty,' and how intense was my desire to enter and 'continue therein,' and with what a groan the thought came over my mind, 'The commandment is holy, and just, and good; but I am carnal, sold (a bond slave) under sin.' In such a state the sentiment, not of the 'liberty of the sons of God,' but of 'cherless servitude, becomes' the leading consciousness of life, expressing itself in the despairing cry, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?'"

Such are ever the bitter fruits of that most miserable expectation of sin.

A Holy Confidence.

And the converse of all this is true also. When once the soul roused up by desire to hope, and lifted by hope to faith, begins to expect to keep the law of God and to please Him in all its ways, then a Full Salvation comes into sight. The heart made right will no more expect to sin against God by unbelief or lust or pride or any other heart evil than by theft or murder or any outward crime. It will expect to obey Him in all things. It will look forward to doing only what is right, and doing it all the time, to doing it without fear of consequences. How changed is every aspect of religious experience when once we begin that life of real faith—which is the beginning of the life of God in us. What force is added to love! What power to prayer! What liberty to our souls' highest desires after the divine.

And the living God will not be one whit behind our expectations. He will not be wanting—He will do exceedingly abundantly above all we ask or think. Hallelujah! Oh, faith! How great are the triumphs wrought by the silent confidence: Trust thou in God, oh, my soul, and let all that is within me believe! believe!!! believe!!!

Through and Through.

No half measures! No halting before the last strongholds of the foe! The late Dean Vaughan, for many years Master of the Temple, and a great teacher of a conquering faith, said on this subject:

"We are to believe, not in the suspension, or supersession, or down-trampling of what are called the laws of nature; but in certain other things which, to eyes not spiritually enlightened, are at least as difficult. We have to believe in the actual forgiveness of things actually done; we have to believe that that black, hateful thing, done or said yesterday—even though it had fever in its breath, and corruption in its influence—can be, shall be, obliterated and annihilated in the blood of Jesus Christ, God's own Son, shed, out-poured for that purpose.

"We have to believe that that bad habit formed in boyhood, weakly yielded to in manhood, still strong, still perhaps predominant, can, by the grace of God—shall, by the grace of God—be vanquished in us, eradicated, burnt out of us, so that we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

The End—God Alone.

And yet it is not our faith that saves or sanctifies. It sometimes fits those who have been made shipwreck through this awful mistake. They are possessed by a strange confidence in their own faith, and a laborious trust in their own trust! There is no deliverance that way. Salvation is of the Lord. It is God who saves. Faith is the means—the end is the living God. Believing one is right does not make one right. Believing one is saved does not save the soul. Believing one is cleansed does not work that great work of purity. Our faith is nothing in itself—it is only important as it brings us to God—and leads us up to Him—the Author and Finisher of our faith—for of Him; by Him, and through Him alone is our salvation come.

I AM THE ALMIGHTY GOD, I WALK BEFORE ME, AND BE THOU PERFECT.—Gen. xvii, 1.

Lost Through Indifference.

The story I am about to relate reveals such callous indifference that I am tempted to fear some of my readers may question its accuracy. Let me, therefore, at once reassure you that this sad, sad incident is nevertheless true to human life, and actually took place within the ken of my own acquaintance.

The actors are a talented young artist, of Scandinavian origin, wed to a continental lady with an absorbing passion for the unreal—consequently an inveterate novel-reader.

She was a pretty, shallow-minded little specimen of humanity, about as unfit for the stern duties of motherhood and wife-dom as is possible to find. Nevertheless it was a love match. He, clever fellow, admired her beauty, and was captivated with what appeared to him childish grace and artless mannerisms, neither of which, alas! proved very substantial background for domestic felicity.

In the pursuit of his profession, they traveled much, which was all to the good, in that it provided variety of scene, thought, and amusement, pleasing her well.

One summer holiday was spent on the charming sea border of the Eastern Coast of England, with their little son, a sweet wee chap of some two or three summers. The beautiful sandy shore line provided endless amusement for little Oscar, and Carl found no end of subjects for brush and canvas, with an occasional swim in the lovely green waters. Novels were cheap and plentiful, so it seemed that their holiday resort was particularly suited to the individual tastes of our trio.

One hot morning, after sketching considerably, the artist left his wife and child on the sands as usual, to have a plunge and swim, close at hand from the pier-head.

He was well-in sight and hearing, although of course other bathers would be indulging in those tempting waters. His wife was absorbed in a book, careless and heedless of the many agencies of interest around, nor did she even look up to follow her husband's movements. The story she was reading possessed her whole attention and fascinated every power of thought, feeling, and emotion.

Help! Help!

A sudden cry of alarm, distress, and urgent appeal for help scarcely moved her to even close the book. True, she lifted her eyes and glanced out on the deep waters, across the wavelets which played on the shore, and for a moment a dim, vague, uncertain kind of wonderment crossed her mind: Was someone in danger? A swimmer seized with cramp pangs. But it was of so little import or significance that she banished the warning premonition, and returned to her thrilling story book to see what became of its unreal heroes and heroines. Had she called for help or given the alarm to others, there is little doubt but that rescue could have been made. By the time lunch hour arrived it was too late. Peevishly she queried, "Why does not Oscar come to escort me to our lodging? How tiresome he is, delaying thus!" But it did not occur to her to make any inquiries, and so at last she and her baby boy took their meal alone.

The whole day passed, and still no Oscar returned. She did not worry much—he was old enough to care for himself, only it was manifest neglect on his part not to come to take care of her.

Later on she heard someone had been drowned that morning, and the body was waiting to be identified at the morgue. It was a gruesome subject, which she instantly dismissed, but the whole truth was destined to break upon her very soon.

She had witnessed her own husband's struggles for life. She had heard his cry for help. She had watched his helpless arms flung up despairingly within her sight, but she had not moved a muscle towards his rescue. She had not drawn the attention of anyone to his desperate need. She had simply and callously turned to her novel-reading, and his last earthly vision had been the wife of his choice, too engrossed in her book to put forth an effort to save him.

To the end of life that woman must bear the remembrance of her guilt—the chance to save another for ever lost. But she is not the only one guilty of such neglect. Helpless arms are flung up in piteous appeal all round us.

The drunkard is sinking in his quagmire of besotted appetite. The gambler is caught in the toils of a net from which he cannot escape. The covetous, worldly-minded is on the quick-sands of ruin. The so-called "sports" are racing to eternal damnation, and cannot stop themselves. Giddy, frivolous, pleasure-loving youth is dancing on the verge of a pit of destruction, and card-players are flinging their dice, casting their stakes, and whirling on, though they know that eternity's gulf lies at the threshold of their to-morrow.

Can we afford to be so absorbed in our own details of life that we let them take the final plunge into the next world without making another effort to save them?

Oh, saviours are wanted! In the home, in the corps, in the street, in the barracks, in the ranks—EVERYWHERE! Will you be one?—N. S.

SAM JONES.

The Noted Evangelist Drops Dead—He was a Good Friend to the Salvation Army.

Sam Jones, the noted evangelist, had just concluded a remarkable series of revival meetings, and was on his way home to a family reunion, which was going to be held in honor of his fifty-ninth birthday, when he dropped dead in the Pullman car in which he was traveling.

Sam Jones came of good Methodist stock; there being five preachers in the family, but early in life his dear mother was taken from him, and on the outbreak of the Civil War his father, Captain John J. Jones, went to the front with his regiment. Sam was left much to himself, which resulted in him forming some very bad habits. He drifted away from the teachings of his sainted mother and became an associate of worldly and wicked companions.

At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar with as bright prospects as any young man could desire. Shortly afterwards he married a beautiful Christian girl from Kentucky, but in three years he had broken her heart and was a miserable drunken wreck. He continued in his dissipation until August, 1872, when he was brought face to face with the fact that his father was dying. Before he passed away the elder Jones made his son promise that he would meet him in heaven, and Sam, in his wretched condition, cried out, "I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more."

When peace and pardon were given, after some days of seeking, this young lawyer was impressed that he should preach the Gospel. He felt, however, his inability, and it was not until he realized that if he did not obey the call of God he would lose the blessing that he became willing to preach.

God wonderfully blessed his ministry, hundreds were converted, and he had remarkable revivals at every church.

For eight years of circuit work he decided to devote most of his time to evangelistic work, also taking the oversight of an orphanage connected with the conference.

He was a warm friend and admirer of the Salvation Army and never missed an opportunity to speak a good word in its favor. He has frequently been known to take up a special collection for the Salvation Army at some of his great meetings, and at his home town, Carterville, Ga., he gave the Army a hall for their meetings, without charge. He loved the Army's Social Work, and would often tell a story in his gatherings of some poor drunkard, or unfortunate girl who had been saved and made respectable citizens through the Army's efforts.

He died comparatively a poor man. He could command \$500 for a lecture, but he said that all his earnings went to support the orphanage work, which he loved so deeply, and none will mourn his loss so much as the poor fatherless children for whom he toiled so many years.

We believe he has had an abundant entrance into the Kingdom, and has heard from the lips of the Master:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."—Landsmeer.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

(Concluded from page 9.)

Now that the councils are over, it will be possible for us to proceed with the installation of the elevator on T. H. Q., also the other changes made necessary by the development of the various branches of the work. Staff-Capt. Miller, the Architect and Property Secretary, is a very busy and withal a very useful man. He has prepared plans for Brandon, Vancouver, and St. John new buildings, as well as having in charge Headquarters alterations and fifty other things. He is to be congratulated on having risen from field officership to so important a post.

There is every evidence of progress in the new field that comes from the field. God is blessing the Army throughout Canada. The ensuing months will be very busy ones. The Holiness Campaign is in progress, following it will come the Winter Campaign, when we hope to be able to introduce some new features for pushing the claims of God upon the people. Wanted, daring, cut-and-out fighters to take advantage of the great opportunities apparent everywhere.

Commissioner Knitton, in a private letter, tells us that he has reached Japan and finds the comrades there busier than ever and better than ever. He relates how in one of his meetings six Japanese knelt, or rather squatted, around the drum in true Japanese style. It had been very wet and was muddy, but this did not prohibit these people from seeking God in public. The Commissioner is naturally delighted. Such scenes are very dear to his heart. He has kindly promised to write some articles for the Canadian War Cry.

At the close of the Congress the Commissioner had a meeting with the Immigration Staff, who were present from all over the country, and gave them some valuable information and instructions concerning the future of this important branch of operations. The Staff, when seen together, form an intelligent, capable body of men, and fully alive to the importance of the work they have in hand. May God bless them every one, and give them grace not only to receive and distribute the incoming thousands of people, but sow some seed for eternity, which will be reaped in due course.

John Brown, Abolitionist.

That interest in the strange and unique career of the famous old abolitionist, John Brown, has not abated is proven by the fact that the people of Kansas celebrated recently with fervor and enthusiasm the semi-centennial of the battle of Osawatomie. In that petty combat, which occurred on August 30th, 1856, Brown and about fifty other free-soilers fought



John Brown, the Famous Abolitionist.

and were beaten by some four hundred pro-slavery men, one of the killed being Brown's own son. This apparently unimportant affair marked the beginning of the armed resistance to the spread of slavery in the United States, and, like Brown's unsuccessful later adventure at Harper's Ferry, it was one of the casual events leading up to the great civil war. It was epoch-making, and therefore deserves to be celebrated at stated times and with due ceremony. The celebration took place on the site of the battle, which is marked by a monument.—Toronto Globe.

The soul that is cleansed from all sin is instantly filled with all the fullness of God's love, and is sealed unto the day of redemption. The witness is received the moment the soul is entirely sanctified, not one moment sooner, and not one moment later.

CORPS BULLETINS

BRANDON.

On Harvest Festival Sunday, Sept. 30th, God came very near and our souls were blessed. In our kneeling three comrades, who had lost their hold upon God, volunteered out to the mercy seat and made a fresh start. The holiness meeting was a time of refreshing. In the afternoon we had a real old time "free-and-easy." The testimonies, songs, and selections by the band were along the lines of praise and thanksgiving. At the night meeting we had the joy of seeing two young men kneeling at the penitential form seeking salvation. On Monday night a Harvest Home entertainment was held, when a very interesting and pleasing, and withal deeply spiritual, program was presented, consisting of selections by the band, solos, duets, and trios by some of the comrades. Much of the success of this service was due to the painstaking efforts of Bandmaster Seamer. For Tuesday night a sale of goods had been announced. The barracks was tastefully decorated with bunting and grain, and the front of the platform was loaded with vegetables, fruit, flowers, and other things donated by some of the good people of Brandon. A large crowd had gathered in the outside, and after the opening song was lined out by Ensign Madden, of Kansas City, and earnest prayer had been offered up to God by him, Auctioneer Hughes, of our city, who very kindly offered his services gratis, mounted the platform and proceeded at once to auction off the many good things offered for sale. It was unquestionably a good success, and the proceeds netted over \$50 for the Harvest Festival fund. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Auctioneer Hughes for his much appreciated services. Our Harvest Festival effort is just about over. Our target of \$225 is now in sight—yes, assured—and while other corps are reporting "targets smashed" Brandon is not one whit behind. God has indeed graciously blessed our efforts. To Him be all the praise and honor. Ensign and Mrs. Madden, of Kansas City, stopped off for a day to see our little city, and be present at the closing meeting of the Harvest Festival effort. They were on their way home after having spent an extended furlough in the Canadian West. They are not strangers in this country, as they were officers in Canada some years ago.—Chas. H. Bryce, Secretary Brandon corps.

CANNING. We are able to rejoice over Taking their Stand, souls coming to God and taking their stand for Him. Six souls have started out during the last month and are keeping well saved.—R. J. E.

COBBOURG. Although without officers Bro. Barton Speaks, last week-end, yet we had a glorious time. Bro. Barton took the lesson on Sunday afternoon and night. A did us good to hear him. Conviction was stamped on many hearts. We are believing for a mighty revival in this town.—Corps-Cadet Schofield.

NELSON. We are still marching on to victory. Night after night, rain or whatever it may be, we endeavor to push the claims of God upon the people who congregate upon the street corner. Our crowds and finances are A. 1. To God be all the glory. One dear sister came and gave God her heart yesterday afternoon, and there are more convinced, so far for Nelson reports. We are determined to conquer or die. The champion H. F.

Some Champion Collectors of Nelson, B.C.

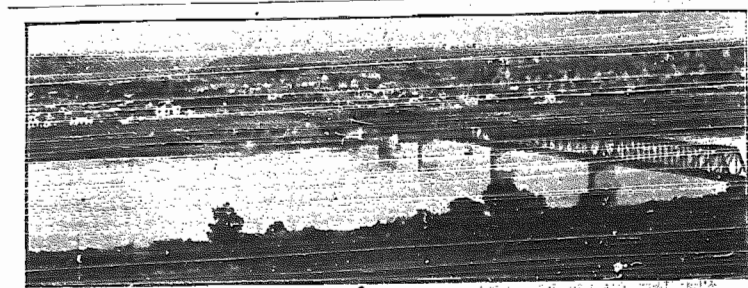


Sister Turner. Sister Radcliffe and Daughter. Sister McArthur.

collectors of this corps are, Sister Radcliffe and daughter, collected \$25.50; Sister McArthur, \$10; and Sister Turner, \$12. God bless the Nelson Braves. They are a proper lot of blood-and-fire salvationists and a mistake. Every night, without exception, from twelve to fifteen turn out on time for the open-air, and are every ready to sing, speak, or pray.—G. S. J.

MEDICINE HAT. Things have been going fast in the Hat since last report. The Commissioner passed through, and although it was one in the morning, two or three of the soldiers, with the officers, had the pleasure of shaking hands. Our beloved P. O. was also with us for a day, and the outcome is the S. A. has purchased Dad Evans' store and lot, and are going to erect a barracks on the same. Adj. Barr is with us collecting for the same. Ensign Lacey is also with us to build the barracks. Ensign Howcroft and Lieut. Smith have brought the corps through the Harvest Festival effort with flying colors. Two souls in the fountain is also good news. Ensign Howcroft has left for Toronto councils, while Lieut. Smith has received well merited promotion to the rank of Captain. Our officers have received farewell orders, and although we feel the parting, we say God speed and stand ready as good soldiers to welcome Ensign Charlton and Sister Gunn, and assure them of the readiness of the soldiers to help. We have discontinued holding meetings in the tent, and have procured a hall until our own is ready.—Mayflower.

NEW WESTMINSTER. We are able to report Victory All Round. Our victory here through the blessed Master—victory in our souls, victory to H. F. target, and victory over the opposition of the enemy. Our H. F. target was large, yet it was reached without difficulty, which proves that the citizens of our city not only believe in our work, but respect and have faith in the lives of the soldiers living in their midst. One popular business man told the writer during H. F. that he had watched for many years the lives of many of the



View of Medicine Hat, Alta. One of our fast growing Western towns.

members of the corps and had always found them the same, and that whoever else came and went, there was a faithful lot who kept marching on. To God we give all the glory.—Dixie 2.

OWEN SOUND. Staff-Captain McManara and Three Souls. Lieut. Kollet have fared well from here. Lieut. has been here but a short time, but during her stay she was indeed a great blessing. The Staff-Captain was holding the fort for over two years. When she came the corps was in a pretty poor condition, but with her untiring efforts and faith in God she has been the means of making this corps a success, both spiritually and financially. We have here a band which has been greatly strengthened by the arrival of some few bandmen from the Old Land, and they are the right sort. They pray as well as play. On Sunday, in the absence of the officers the band conducted the meetings, and God's presence was felt all through the day, and at night we had the joy of seeing three souls kneeling at the blessed feet of Jesus.—Bandman Shogun.

PETERBORO. Last Saturday and Sunday Farewell Services. was the farewell of our officers, Staff-Captain and Mrs. McManara and Ensign Constable. The services were all well attended, as the Staff-Captain and his wife have made themselves very popular during their time here. They have been zealous workers for the extension of God's Kingdom. Both soldiers and troops were loth to part with them. A number of the comrades broke in glowing terms of Staff-Captain and Mrs. McManara, and all wished them success in their future work. Ensign Constable's faithfulness was also referred to in commendable terms. We are glad to say that a large number have been converted during their stay, and a large number have been added to the soldiers' roll. Mrs. McManara will be with us over next Sunday, we there will be an enrolment of soldiers. Last Sunday afternoon our J. S. Sergt-Major and Mrs. Braund dedicated their little girl to God and the Army. May God bless her and her parents. The Sunday afternoon meetings are very interesting, being devoted to the friends in the audience, who greatly appreciate the opportunity of speaking.—Cambria.

STURGEON FALLS. There's we have been holding the fort alone for the past week, while the officers are at councils the Lord has been with us and blessed us. During the week our crowds were small,

but increased a little on Sunday. We had Brother Melouis, from Cache Bay, with us for the evening meeting, at which God's presence was felt, and His saving power was manifested and our hearts rejoiced at seeing a wanderer return to the fold, for which we give God the glory.—D. A. B.

SUSSEX. Brigadier and Mrs. Turner were well received on their visit to this corps. Capt. White had everything nicely arranged, and a neat little program pointed, with a few appropriate songs on it. Mayor Murray presided at the evening meeting, and spoke at some length on the work of the S. A., as did also several ministers of the town. A harvest sale was held on Monday, which was a success. Auctioneer Stockton disposing of the goods at a very good price.—F. W. W.

SYDNEY. Harvest Festival is a thing of the past; the target of \$225 smashed. Officers, soldiers, and friends did their part excellently. Also a visit from our new Provincial Officers, Brigadier and Mrs. Turner, and the Church Major Phillips. Drunkards are getting saved and taking their stand for God. Meetings held in the jail Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Prisoners seeking salvation. Marches and open-air

good. Crowds stand and listen to the singing and testimonies. Finances good. Also a visit from the New Aberdeen Brass Band on Sunday night. Everybody delighted with the music and building was packed.—One interested.

An Honest Trio.

While Capt. Hurd was buying a bun for supper in a confectionery store on Queen Street one night during the councils, he had the misfortune to drop his purse. It must have gone down with a thud, as the Captain says there was \$30 in it. He was so engrossed in getting change for a quarter, however, that he did not miss that purse till some time afterwards. What a spirit he put on when he found all those dollars missing from his pocket! "Say, mister," he

Gasped Out Breathlessly.

to the shop-keeper, "did you see anyone pick up a purse around here lately?"

It so happened that the man "behind the buns" had been keeping his weather eye open that evening and had noticed a stranger stoop and pick up an article from the floor and critically examine it in the presence of two friends. He then put it in his pocket and walked out.

The Captain turned to the Editorial Department for some advice in this trying dilemma. No doubt he had an idea that an Editor knows everything, or should know it; but all we could tell him was to apply to Sherlock Holmes. He then traveled over to the City Hall end.

Interviewed a Policeman.

who advised him to put an advertisement in the paper. If he did, that he composed had been published it might have cost him something like \$20, so he was foiled again.

On Monday night three men accosted him at the Temple, and to his surprise and delight returned his purse to him with the contents intact. These honest people hailed from Toronto Junction, and are known as Mr. F. See, Mr. W. G. Norris, and Mr. C. White.

"Here is four dollars," said the Captain, as he offered the notes to the finders, "just to show my appreciation of your honesty."

"Oh, we do not want any reward," replied the three. "Only too glad to have been able to return it to you."

The Captain has a high opinion now of the moral character of the Functionaries. Honesty is the best policy, anyway, and may our friends be as honest in their obligations towards God as they have proved towards their brother.

Open-Air Blessings.

By Lieut. Turner, Halifax, N.S.

That our open-air, that are held in so many places, and under such varying conditions, are owned and blessed of God there is left no room for argument. Many are the stories that have reached us from time to time concerning our open-air meetings, and not always with the highest anticipations, when they have only one or two soldiers to assist. God has promised, however, to be where the two and three are gathered together, and that to bless. A few Sundays ago, while conducting a large open-air meeting a stranger on the outskirts of the crowd seemed very attentive, and when the offering was taken up contributed very liberally. When the open-air was finished, and we marched back to our hall the same gentleman followed us, and when an opportunity was given he rose to his feet and told us a little incident that was very encouraging, and made us more determined than ever to fight the good fight of faith. "It was in the city of San Francisco, that has had so much notoriety in the last few months, that I was brought to Christ. While passing down a street the sound of a drum came to my ear, and I wondered my way to the spot. It was only two officers and one soldier who were conducting an open-air, but they had evidently forgotten all about the smallness of their numbers that night, and only realized that they had a mission to fulfil, a message to deliver, and they were certainly striving to carry it out. I drank in the words of truth that were uttered, and resolved within my heart to do the will of God, and when I reached my home I knelt and gave my heart to God. I have been a gambler, saloon-keeper, and in fact my early life was entirely given over to sin and vice of the worst description; but from that night I have been proving that the grace of God is my sufficiency. I lost quite a good deal of money in the recent great disaster, but I don't mind a quarter as much as if I had lost my salvation; and whenever I find the Salvation Army in my travels it always affords me a great pleasure to stand up and tell what good things the Army has done for me." Our open-air meetings of late have certainly been on the up-grade, and quite a few comments have reached our ears of how people have enjoyed them, and been blessed in their own souls.

TYPHOONS.

What They Are and What They Do.

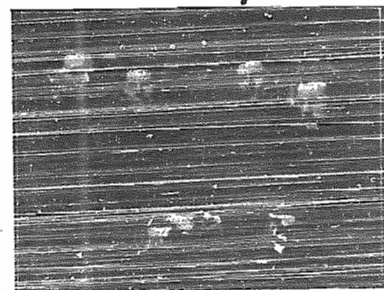
Typhoon is a Chinese word, meaning a "great wind," and has by universal consent been applied to the revolving storms which are one of the gravest dangers of navigation in the Chinese Seas, corresponding to the terrific hurricanes which are so common in the West Indies. The months in which they most frequently occur are September, when there are a dozen on an average yearly; August, when there are eight; October, when there are three; and July, when there are two.

They consist of eddies of wind, spinning round violently, and traveling forward. The direction of the wind is the opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch, from left to right. The eddy moves over the water with varying velocity, sometimes tearing forward with express speed.

What a Typhoon is.

The first signs of their coming are clouds like fine tuft of wool, traveling across the sky and

An Eastern Quartette.



Capt. Backus.

Capt. Bassingthwaite.

Lieut. Richards.

Lieut. Sexton.

accompanied by light winds. Then the sky becomes overcast; a heavy swell sets in; the wind rises from a breeze to heavy gale; the sea becomes choppy and white-crested. Finally the wind rises with a dull roaring sound, and over the surface of the sea travels a belt of disturbed water. The waves rise mountainously; the wind changes rapidly; and any ship not under perfect control or skillfully handled is whirled round in the vortex of the storm.

It is at the vortex that the danger is the greatest,

and seemingly the less at Hong-Kong on the present occasion has been caused by the fact that at the vortex or the centre of this eddy passed right over the harbor. Seldom does a vessel escape under such conditions without losing masts or rudder, and for that reason mariners invariably attempt to gain the outer edge of the disturbance.

The most destructive typhoon on record was that which occurred in Hailong, China, in 1898, when 500,000 persons perished, and there was immense destruction of property. In the West Indies, at Montserrat, in August, 1899, 2,000 persons were killed, 1,500 injured, and 8,000 rendered homeless. In the same year a typhoon occurred in Central and East Japan, when a train was blown off a bridge and fifty persons killed. During the typhoon in Hong-Kong in November, 1896, seventy persons lost their lives.—*Social Gazette*.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER ROBERT CRANN, FAMISH COVE.

Once again death has entered our little village, and taken from our midst Brother Robert Crann. He was a great suitor for the past few months, but in all his suffering was never heard to complain. He was ready and waiting the call, always happy and looking forward to the time when Jesus should summon him up higher. Our loss is heaven's gain. He died on Sept. 29th, and died like a warrior. May God comfort the bereaved. Although not a soldier, he was a great lover of the Army.

MRS. GEORGE HIGGINS, OF CATALINA.

Last Friday we were called upon to lay to rest our dear comrade, who for the past few years has been suffering with that dreaded disease, consumption. At last the end has come, but she had no fear to meet it. Every one that was privileged to visit that bedside could not but say, "The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is something worth having." All the dear comrades that visited her will never forget the words of counsel, and before parting she asked them to meet her in heaven, which we all promised to do. About 120 turned out to the funeral procession, and we marched to the hall, where a short service was held. Many hearts felt the need of being ready. From there we walked our way to the cemetery. A memorial service was held on Sunday night, when several of the comrades spoke of the departed sister's life for God. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved husband and children. —J. K. E.

SISTER MRS. SOPER, OF HANT'S HARBOUR.

The messenger of death has visited our corps and taken from our midst Sister Mrs. Walter Soper. During the past summer she has been a great sufferer, but in her deepest suffering she never complained. Whilst visiting her during her illness we always found her in her weakness leaning upon the strong, everlasting arms of her God. On Wednesday morning the chariot lowered, and our dear sister stepped in and went from her earthly home to a home not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. She had fought the fight of faith and conquered the last enemy, and is to-day singing the song of the redeemed in that purer and better land. We gave her a real Army funeral. A very large service was held. At her own request that song, "Fading, fading away," was sung at the grave-side. A very impressive memorial service was held on Sunday night. Many hearts were touched as the comrades testified to the good life and happy death of our departed comrade. She leaves a husband and one dear little girl. To all the bereaved we extend our deepest sympathy. —S. Morgan, Capt.

BROTHER REUBEN REID, DILDO, NFLD.

Death has again been in our midst, and brother Reuben Reid has passed to the great beyond. For quite a while Brother Reid has been ill, with the dreaded disease, consumption. A few days before he died he gave his heart to God, and realized that all was well, that God saved him from the great evil, giving himself to God before. Only two days before, his cousin, a bright young man, passed away. We feel this should be a warning to those around about, as both were young. Brother Reuben Reid being twenty-three years old. We realized that God is calling one and another to meet Him, and feel the need there is of living in readiness for His coming. We buried him in our little S. A. Cemetery. —N. E. Stafford, Lieut.

SISTER WOODMAN, DILDO, NFLD.

Once again our ranks are broken by the death angel passing this way. Sister Agnes Woodman, wife of Robert Woodman, has gone to receive her reward. Sister Woodman was saved during the big revival in the old Bethel at Bay Roberts. She returned home telling of the great things God had done for her, of the loving Saviour she had found. She started cottage meetings, and God wonderfully blessed her. Many were led to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This was the beginning of a big revival, and the opening of the Salvation Army. Shortly after officers came and opened up the corps. Mrs. Woodman was among the number on the first S. A. march in the place. Difficulties and hardness she had, but praise God she has conquered, and has remained a true soldier. For the past year or so her health has been failing, and she has suffered much with throat trouble. Death came as a release.

When the death dew lay cold on her brow she was able to say, "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now." We gave her an Army funeral. Our prayer is that God will bless the husband. She leaves a husband and three children to miss a mother's love and care. —N. E. Stafford, Lieut.

A Pioneer for Christ.

The life-story of Adj. LeCocq is full of interest, bristling as it does with striking incidents of travel and adventure on land and sea. In 1884 he joined the Royal Navy as a boy, and visited different parts of the world in Her Majesty's man-of-war. While lying at Simon's Bay, South Africa, he was converted in the Salvation Army and enrolled as a soldier by Major Rauch. His ship was then ordered



Adj. and Mrs. LeCocq, en route for Trinidad.

to St. Helena, and here many glorious victories were won in the cause of Christ. The "Life and Glory Boys" was the title given to a band of Christian sailors in the squadron at that time, and as they sailed from island to island of the West Indies they spread the story of the life-giving Christ, and no doubt felt much of the glory in their souls. They pioneered the work in the Bermudas, and came in at the start of the Naval and Military League. In 1894 our friend LeCocq purchased his discharge from the Navy and entered the Training Home of the Salvation Army at St. John, under Capt. Byers. He successfully passed through this period and was appointed as Lieutenant to Westville, N.S., and was also made the mate of the yacht "William Booth." Then followed some special work, which involved a great deal of traveling. Shelbourne, Coldwater and Brampton were each assigned as his post later on, and then for a time he entered the Social Work, being put in charge of a woodyard.

Oshawa, Richmond St., Dovercourt, followed, and then for two years he dwelt in the far-off Klondike, being one of the pioneer officers there. Recalled to Toronto, he was second in command at the Temple, and then occurred a very important event in his life. He was married to Lieut. Emily Price, of Dovercourt, and together they were sent to the following corps: Newmarket, Hamilton, Canadian No. 2, and Huntsville. During the International Congress he took the opportunity of visiting the land of his birth, and when he returned was appointed successively to Sarnia, St. Thomas, Windsor, and Petrolia.

The call has now come for the West Indies, and Adj. and Mrs. LeCocq go forth with the prayers and best wishes of their Canadian comrades to labor in the Island of Trinidad.

New Glasgow.

(Special by Wire.)

Ensign and Mrs. Piercy on well-earned furlough. God bless them. Capt. McKim and Reeves, assisted by comrades, bombarding the enemy's camp, red-hot truths being scattered in all directions. Nine wounded souls at the mercy seat for the week-end. God is with us. Captain's Bible talk much enjoyed. A number of comrades preparing for fall convalescence at St. John. We are believing that much blessing and inspiration will be their lot and the salvation war in this town receive an impetus through their visit.—Geo. Smith, Sergt.-Major.

The more willing we are to pour out blessings on the needy, the more blessing we will get from God.

For the Housewife

SOME CANNING RECIPES.

How to Can Corn and Tomatoes.—Scald, peel, and slice tomatoes in the proportion of two-thirds to tomatoes to one-third of corn. Put in a porcelain kettle, let boil for fifteen minutes. Cut the corn from the cob and cook twenty minutes, adding a little water and stirring often. When done mix the corn and tomatoes and cook together five minutes more, letting them boil up once. Take from the stove and fill cans already heated, sealing in the usual way.

To Can Fresh Beans.—String the beans, break in several pieces, cook in boiling water fifteen minutes and can.

Dried Beans for Winter Use.—Cut the long string beans lengthwise, tie into bundles and hang to a line in the attic or in some warm place. Wrap paper bags around the beans after the first few days. Large and rather old beans may be used for this purpose, and they are excellent when used for soups or vegetables. They should be soaked overnight in salt water before using.

To Can Pumpkin and Squash for Pies.—Cut up the pumpkin into small pieces, after having peeled off the rind. Stew until tender, mash very fine, and add no seasoning. Have the jars hot, and fill them with hot pumpkin and seal tight. Squash may be treated in the same way.

To Can Peas.—Fill a quart can full of peas and shake down well, until the can is quite full. Pour into the cans enough water to fill the can full, or even to overflow. Soak the cover as in the case of the corn, and proceed in the same manner as for corn.

To Can Tomatoes.—Very ripe tomatoes are best for this purpose. Put the number you wish to can in a basin of scalding water, and let stand a moment, when the skins may be easily removed. Then put them into a granite vessel without water, and place over a moderate heat, and bring to a boil. After boiling slowly a half hour, put into cans while steaming hot, and seal tightly. Keep in a cool, dark place.

To Can Corn.—Cut the corn from ten or a dozen large cobs for one quart can. Press the corn in the can with a small potato masher, or anything that will press the corn. When the can is full screw on the cover tightly. Then place the cans in a wash boiler, on the bottom of which you have first placed a cloth to prevent breaking. Then lay a piece of cloth and a layer of cloth alternately. Now cover the cans with cold water, place the boiler over the fire, and boil three hours steadily. After this boiling, lift the boiler from the fire and let cool, then tighten again. Wrap each in brown paper and set away in a cool, dark place. See to it that the rubbers of the cans are soft and pliable.

To Make Tomato Figs.—Scald and skin pear-shaped small sized tomatoes, and to eight pounds of tomatoes add three pounds of sugar. Cook without water until the vegetable clarifies, then take out and spread on dishes, and dry in the sun, sprinkling on a little syrup while drying. Pack in jars or boxes in layers with powdered sugar between the layers. They will keep in this way for a long time, that is, if the children are not too attentive to them.

HOW TO FEED CHILDREN.

Children who are building up bone and tissue require to be supplied with brown wheatear bread, or with wheatear biscuits, in order to obtain the lutein and phosphates which are found under the husks of the wheat. If they are fed upon the white bread only, in combination with the usual artificial diet of modern civilization, they will be in danger of suffering from rickets or malnutrition.

"The natural instincts of children should be gratified in the matter of diet. They will instinctively prefer sweet fruits, nuts, milk foods and farinaceous dishes. Macaroni puddings and savouries are also most valuable for them, and are much appreciated."

"Let them eat bananas, apples, raisins, dates, boiled chestnuts, Brazil and walnuts, puffed rice with hot milk, oatmeal porridge (well cooked and every other day), whole-wheat biscuits, good brown bread and butter, and milk that has always been first scalded, and they will thrive. The services of a doctor are seldom required in a household where pure food, pure drink, and pure air are deemed essentials. For children and adults."—Extract from Mr. S. H. Hild's New Guide Book to Natural Hygiene and Humane Diet.

Manners—and How to Mend Them.

Manners are of more importance than we imagine. Manners, indeed, make the man. The youth who is kind and courteous, who has some respect for his superiors and elders, who treats his mother and his sisters with consideration, and who recognizes that they have rights as well as himself, is much more likely to succeed in life than is he who takes up a high and mighty "I'm-as-good-as-you" attitude, and who mistakes...

Impudence and Impertinence

for strength of character... Impudence is, indeed, one of the most detestable of vices, for he who is impudent will be welcome nowhere.

Besides, though he probably doesn't think so, and wouldn't believe it if he listened until you could tell him, it lets him down in the estimation of those with whom he is "chummy." Even though they appear to agree when he says or does a thing, or teacher, "I'll show him!" in their hearts they despise him for it.

For every youth, with a spark of good feeling about him, knows that one must show respect to one's chiefs, and that

"Some must follow, and some command."

Though all are born of clay."

Impudence is the Hand-Maiden of Ignorance.

The youth who has reached the stage where he is wise enough to know that he knows nothing at all, is only too anxious to learn. And his humility is his greatest recommendation. For who cares to help the ignorant, ill-mannered boy who swaggers and "swanks" about with his nose in the air, and his hands in his pockets?

"No!" you say. Let him learn in the school for fools; and dearly may he pay for his experience.

Strength of character is shown not in brag and bossiness, but in one's ability to rule one's own spirit.

"Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit," Solomon says, "than he that taketh a city."

The Loud-Mouthed Talker/Talkoe Boy

is generally a coward at heart. He has no depth of character to rely upon. He knows that in reality he is only a hollow fraud, and that his action is one of hypocritical defiance. Stick him with the pin of law and authority, and he will collapse like the "dying pig."

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," and in the assurance that you have a reserve force to draw upon, you can afford to let others imagine you are a milkop.

If you are one of those utterly detestable scoundrels, if you are a vain, glorious hoaster; if you are a "good-as-he-is-who-is-he-anymore" fellow, let me remind you that a fault-finder is always

Better than a Fault-Finder;

and let me beg of you to mend your manners.

Manner-mending is not an easy business. We force ill-manners, and like the little crabs, "walk sideways." Then, when we want to get away from these bad habits—when we want to walk straight—we find that we cannot. We are "holdea by the cords of our sins."

But though it is not easy to mend your manners, it is possible to do so.—F. J. M.

ENSIGN SHEARD WITH THE BRUSCOPE will visit:

Goderich, Sat., Sun., Mon., Nov. 3, 4, 5; Sarnia, Tues., Nov. 6; Petrolia, Wed., Nov. 7; London, Thurs., Nov. 8; Bethwell, Fri., Nov. 9; Chatham, Sat., Nov. 10; Nov. 11, 12; Dresden, Tues., Nov. 13; Leamington, Wed., Nov. 14; Essex, Thurs., Nov. 15; Kingsville, Fri., Nov. 16; Windsor, Sat., Nov. 17, 18, 19; St. Thomas, Tues., Nov. 20; Ingersoll, Wed., Nov. 21; Woodstock, Thurs., Nov. 22; Simcoe, Fri., Nov. 23; Brantford, Sat., Nov. 24; Nov. 25, 26; Norwich, Tues., Nov. 27; Paris, Wed., Nov. 28; Galt, Thurs., Nov. 29.

BANDSMEN, ATTENTION!

Wanted!—Bandmen for the Territorial Staff Band. Must be first-class musicians and thoroughly recommended by Commanding Officer and Bandmaster. Those accepted must be in a position to accompany the Band when taking engagements outside the city. Applications, stating instrument played, how long a Bandman, etc., to be sent to Colonel Kyle, Chief Secretary, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, marked "Staff Band."

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 58 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 916 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 218 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 460 Stegneurs St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 69½ St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 26 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gottingen St.
St. John's, Nfld., 23 O'Leary St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 466 Young St.
Calgary, Al't., 1300
Vancouver, B.C., 1334 Pender St.
Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

Forest fires in Algeria have destroyed 100,000 acres of valuable beech and oak forest.

During an earthquake which visited Hawaii last week hundreds of fishes were thrown up along the shores, apparently spalled to death.

Editorial Notice!

The next issue of the War Cry will show a few changes. There will be the introduction of some new features, the extension of some already existing, and the beginning of a new series of articles of the most interesting and instructive character.

When Commissioner Coombs ferreted from the United Kingdom for Canada, the newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the land declared his name to be a household word for soul-saving. For over thirty years the Commissioner has been engaged in soul-saving work of a foremost character, and we are glad to say that we have succeeded in obtaining the Commissioner's promise to write, for the War Cry, a series of a dozen articles, entitled:

"THIRTY YEARS' SOUL-WINNING."

They will contain lessons and suggestions on soul-saving for the Winter Campaign, based on personal experience, and will deal with such fascinating topics as:—

I.—The Passion for Souls—How I Got it and How I Keep it—My First Soul.

II.—Soul-Saving by Personal Effort—Some Simple Means and Mighty Captures.

III.—Soul-Saving from the Platform—Some Special Efforts I Have Made to Get Crowds, etc., etc.

These personal reminiscences will be found to be of enthralling interest.

The frontispiece for the next issue will be a charming combination of photographs showing the Commissioner at various periods of his career.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

The next issue will also contain the foreword of a new serial story, which we venture to say is one of the most thrilling narratives that have ever appeared in the Salvation Army press. It will be entitled,

"WHAT THE LAW COULD NOT DO."

It is the story of a robber and would-be murderer, a man whom an English judge decided was "too dangerous to be at large," and was accordingly sent to prison for the remainder of his natural life. How he was led into crime, his hair-breadth escapes from the police, what he met with while committing his nocturnal depredations, his attempts to escape from prison, his conversion, his experience as a ticket-of-leave, the assistance the Salvation Army rendered him, and his life of grace from a human document that all should read.

There will also be a remarkable article entitled,

"CHRIST IN THE PRISON CELL."

which deals with the Prison Work of the Salvation Army in this country.

"THE SACRED ANIMALS OF INDIA,"

and a short story centred around a Toronto character, with many other articles and features of exceptional interest.

The issue will also be prettily illustrated. Mention must be made of the fact that a department of the paper has been considerably extended and developed, and is entitled,

"FOR HOUSEHOLDS AND HUSBANDS."

This department will deal with Cooking, Receipts, Poultry, Medical Matters, Legal Affairs, and the Children and Misses themselves.

The next issue of the War Cry will have a really strong number, and all should be read and get it.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency, Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world, if you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a lady's interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

OUR HUSTLEERS HOMER ROLL

The Eastern Province figures well this week I see, and surpasses its previous records for the number of boomers on the roll. We have not heard from many of them as yet as regards their experiences while booming, but we are hoping to at an early date. Perhaps some may be stirred up to emulate the worthy Australian who has been writing to the War Cry there about booming Crys in the saloons, and he gives ten excellent reasons why he took up and continues the work.



if you will allow me, and hope it will inspire others to do likewise.

Ten Reasons Why I Am a Pub-Boomer.
My five years' pub-booming experience has so confirmed me of the good results attendant upon it, that I feel led to pass on my reasons why I believe more of my comrades would do well to engage in this valuable phase of the war—

I. It has given me an experience that I have found useful in public speaking and testifying.

II. I have gained first-hand knowledge of the extent of the evils of drink.

III. It brings me into personal contact with the drunkard, enabling me to prove my love to him and tell him of the love of God.

IV. I have had the opportunity of influencing the publicans, and have always been treated by them with the greatest respect.

V. There is a possibility of reaching the children. Men will generally treat the little ones to a Young Soldier.

VI. By a word in season I have been able to prevent young people taking the first glass, warning them of the danger of public-house company.

VII. God has used my presence to convict backsliders, and bring shame to professing Christians.

VIII. I have been able to cultivate the virtue of courage, and at the same time to prove God's power to protect His own in the devil's haunts.

IX. Booming is a fine means to the final destruction of drink.

X. It affords an opportunity for getting our papers into the hands and homes of the ungodly, and no one can judge the result.

Without neglecting my corps duties as Treasurer, I was enabled during last year to pay 654 visits to the pubs, and to dispose of 4,000 papers.

Eastern Provinces.

122 Boomers.

MRS. CAPT. HARGROVES, HALIFAX II	275
Lieut. Gray, Sydney	250
C.-C. Large, Charlottetown	259
Ensign Greenland, Sydney	263
S.-M. McVicker, Gloucester	150
Sister Kane, Halifax I.	143
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax I.	140
Sister Naylor, Truro	140
Lieut. Turner, Halifax I.	138
Capt. Hargroves, Halifax II.	139
Lieut. Smith, Kentville	125
Lieut. Andrew, Dominion	120
Lieut. Bishop, North Sydney	103
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow	100
Capt. Palle, St. John I.	100
Sister Robertson, Amherst	203

Lieut. Godfrey, Fredericton	100
Capt. Robertson, Kentville	100
Capt. Greenleaf, Yarmouth	100
Capt. Hamilton, Moncton	100
Capt. Glen, Moncton	100
Capt. Murdoch, St. John I.	100
Ensign Miller, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Day, Summerside	100
Capt. Snow, Woodstock	100
Jessie Irons, Windsor	100

Lieut. Day, Summerside, 90; Lieut. Smith, Stellarton, 90; Ensign Lorimer, New Aberdeen, 90; Capt. Braze, Carleton, 80; Mrs. Ensign Campbell, Campbellton, 80; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, 60; Capt. Tristram, St. John I., 75; Mrs. Sergt. Grant, St. John I., 75; Sister Alice Watts, St. John I., 75; Captain Conrad, Londonderry, 75; Adj. Allen, North Sydney, 75; Capt. Redmond, Yarmouth, 75; Mrs. Ensign Hudson, Springfield, 75; Lieut. Stairs, Sydney Mines, 75; Sister Wilks, Lunenburg, 75; Ensign B. Green, Somerset, 75; Mrs. Ensign Piercy, New Glasgow, 69; Capt. Basingthwaite, Liverpool, 65; Mrs. Adj. Carter, Halifax, 65; Sergt. Casbin, Hants, 65; Mrs. Major Phillips, St. John I., 60; S.-M. Lyons, Fredericton, 60; Bertha Large, Newcastle, 60; Capt. Dakin, Clark's Harbor, 60; Lieut. McLean, Fairville, 60; Lieut. Pelly, Inverness, 60; Ida Cooper, Plo Doherty, Halifax I., 60; Capt. James, St. George's, 60; Capt. McGillivray, Sydney Mines, 65; Captain Morris, Hillsboro, 55.

55 Capt. Capt. Kinney, Sister Ham, Sister Knox, St. John I.; Capt. Leham, Cand. Weir, St. John I.; Capt. Woodhouse, Fredericton; Capt. White, Lieut. Winchester, Sussex; Sergt. Chase, Fredericton; Capt. Beckus, Lieut. Richards, Bridgewater; Lieut. McKervey, Canning; Capt. Tatom, Newcastle; Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Palle, North Sydney; Lieut. Bonock, Port Hood; Capt. N. Smith, Mrs. Capt. Smith, Dan McCosh, Amelia Reid, Tom Hale, Westville; Ensign Campbell, Campbellton; Lieut. Sexton, Liverpool; Sergt. Hatfield, C.-C. Hatfield, Parrabore; Capt. Richards, Stellarton; Capt. Beaves, Bessie Smith, Mrs. Ensign Piercy, Miss Robertson, New Glasgow; Annie Ramey, Bridgetown; Capt. Conrad, S.-M. McCullum, Sergt. Mrs. Evans, Londonderry; Ensign Prince, Capt. Wyld, Digby; Capt. Dalzell, St. John I.; Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton; Ety Conn, Pella McLeod, Springfield; Capt. Galloway, Louisburg; Adj. Carter, Halifax I.; Mrs. Gilman, St. John I.; Mrs. Adj. Cooper, Gleece Bay, Sister D. Pardy, North Sydney; C.-C. Nellie Crossman, Charlotte town; Capt. Meikle, Capt. McMaster, Bear River; Capt. Donovan, Louisburg; Mrs. Dunn, Yarmouth; Capt. Vandine, Capt. Smith, Chatham; Captain Taylor, Lieut. Struthard, Annapolis; C. Vincent, Adj. Sabine, Windsor; Lieut. Rogers, St. John V.; Elta Adams, Capt. Urquhart, Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.; Capt. Newell, Capt. Kenny, Sergt. Major Phillips, Somerset; Capt. Wallace White, Sussex.
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East Ontario Province.

29 Boomers.

P. S.-M. MULCAHY, MONTREAL I	372
Mrs. Crichton, Ottawa I	160
Sergt. Armstrong, Ottawa I	155
Lieut. Morris, Ottawa I	150
Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke	120
P. S.-M. Mrs. Gilbert, Smith's Falls	110
P. S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV	107
Lieut. Nicholson, Napanea	100
Capt. Laddell, Napanea	100
Bro. Packard, Ottawa I	100
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I	100

60 and Over—Capt. Davis, Cobourg	
70 and Over—Capt. Salter, Tweed; Lieut. Galt, Kingston.	

60 and Over—Sister Reeco, Sister Coby, Sister Norman, Kingston; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Moncton; Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II.	
60 and Over—Lieut. Simmons, Iroquois; Captain Miller, Carleton Place; Capt. Ash, Picton; Sister Fox, Montreal II.; Sister Brown, Kingston; Bro. Hides, Sister Hides, Sister Maker, Sister Grant, Montreal I.	

New Ontario Division.

22 Boomers.

CAPT. WALKER, SOO, ONT.	178
Mrs. Adj. Hoddinott, Orillia	125
P. S.-M. Jones, Hunterville	120
Lieut. Sanderson, New Liskeard	115

Adj. Mercer, North Bay, St. Mrs. Adj. Parsons, Brockville, 50; Lieut. Crowther, Kilmont, 67; Capt. Crocker, Midland, 65; Adj. McAnn, Lindsay, 63; Capt. Dauberville, Lindsay, 62; Lieut. Cornelius, Midland, 60.	
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Capt. Meeks, Lieut. Rutherford, Collingwood; Adj. Parsons, Bracebridge; Capt. Whales, Burk's Falls; Capt. Calvert, Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Soo, Mich.; Capt. Jordan, Lieut. Peterson, P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie; Capt. Hall, Gravenhurst.	
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Pacific Province.

12 Boomers.

MRS. CAPT. BAYNTON, DAWSON	150
Cadet Nelson, Vancouver	125
Lieut. H. Allan, Revelstoke	105
Sister A. Campbell, Fernie	100
Capt. Knauson, Vancouver, 85; Capt. T. Rickard, Nanaimo, 80; Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, M. Wright, Nelson, 80; Capt. Stansbury, New Westminster, 70.	
50 and Under—Lieut. Dave, New Westminster; Ensign Rose, Mrs. Ensign-Rose, Rossland.	

North-West Province.

15 Boomers.

CAPT. SHEPPARD, WINNIPEG I	285
May Wirat, Winnipeg I	275

Lieut. Jaynes, Edmonton	250
Lieut. Kinsella, Portage la Prairie	195
Lieut. Mirry, Prince Albert	185
Capt. Smith, Medicine Hat	180
Adj. Byers, Calgary	100
Lieut. Watson, Moose Jaw, 90; Lieut. Boorman, Winnipeg II., 90; Mrs. Ensign Crego, Ensign Crego, Port William, 75; Sergt. Gunn, Wetaskiwin, 75; Lieut. Coleman, Regina, 60; B. King, Kenora, 67.	

Newfoundland Province.

10 Boomers.

SERG. PYNN, ST. JOHN'S I	318
Cadet Calnes, St. John's I., 95; Cadet Fowler, St. John's II., 70; J. S. S.-M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55.	
50 and Under—J. Inkpen, St. John's II.; Lieut. Tilley, Sergt. Harris, St. John's I.; Capt. Palmer, Cadet Tucker, Cadet Price, St. John's II.	



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged parents and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commandeur Thomas P. Coombe, 20 Allen Street, Toronto, and more "Fighting" in the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be forwarded with the advertisement, a charge of two dollars is made, with amount sent with this notice. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commandeur if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

5600. WALPOLE, THOS. Age 37, height 5ft. 5in., sandy complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, workworker by trade. Has with him a child of three years. Wife will forgive all if he will return.

5557. ROGERS, MRS. J. H. (nee S. A. Dawson). Age 30 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, dark eyes. Missing six years. Her last known address was 194 Erie St., Cleveland, Ohio. Sister in Canada enquires. News urgently wanted.

5617. LYLE, MRS. JOHN (nee Kate Taylor). Age 76. When last heard of had left for either Stratford or Brantford. Sister Margaret, in Ottawa, anxious. American Cry please copy.

5597. BOWEN, ROBERT. Age 24, height 5ft. 9in., dark hair, brown eyes, fresh complexion. Was ship's steward. Last known address, Montreal.

5614. WEST, ADAM. Age 70, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, missing for years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5613. ASKEW, MRS. FANNY, alias Coulson, alias Summerbell. Landed in Quebec, Sept. 6th, in company with a man named Coulson, who possesses hypnotic powers, and may be exercising the same over her. They may be giving Spiritualistic concerts, etc. News urgently wanted.

5615. DOKERNHEIM, FRED. Came to this country in June last. Friends want news.

5516. ROBERTSON, MRS. EMILY. Some four and a half years ago was living somewhere in New Ontario. Friends in the Old Land want news.

5598. BEACH, THOMAS. Age 30, dark hair and complexion, grey eyes, has small-pox marks on his face. Last known address, Port Arthur.

5609. ROGERS, JOHN. Age 27, dark hair, dark eyes and complexion. Missing thirteen years. Was then in Scunburn, Man. News wanted.

5619. CHRISTENSEN, YENS NIELS. Native of Velby, Denmark. Age 30, medium height. Last heard of in August. Address, Cowan's Camp, H. B. Erwood, Saskatchewan. News wanted.

5625. MARSHALL, FRED. Last heard of six years ago. Was then in Helena, Mont., U.S.A. Friends in Old Land very anxious to get news of him.

5623. CHADWICK, JOHN. Age 23, height 5ft. 8in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Was a fireman on G.T.R. His aged mother is very much concerned at not hearing from him. Last known address, Montreal, Que. News wanted.

5620. McLELLAN, GEORGE. Age 23, height 5ft. 8in., dark hair and eyes, brown eyes. Missing one year, was then working on the C.P.R.

Second Insertion.

5586. ROBERTSON, JESSE MONSE. Age 29, height 6ft. 7in., slender build, light brown hair, blue eyes, may be dressed in few, blue, or brown. Suffering from melancholia. Disappeared from Hotel Victoria, Quebec, July 26th. May seek office work or tutoring. Is a teacher. May attend business college. \$50 reward for information that will give present whereabouts of above named. (4)

WHAT MANNER OF PERSONS OUGHT YE TO BE IN ALL HOLY CONVERSATION AND GODLINESS.—2 Peter iii. 11.

THE END OF THE COMMANDMENT IS CHARITY OUT OF A PURE HEART.—I Tim. i. 5.



Songs of the Week.



Tunes.—Silver Threads (N.B.B. 157); Only Thou (N.B.B. 151).

- 1 Precious Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall,
Waiting to receive Thy blessing,
Come, and now baptize us all.

Chorus.

Fear Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit,
Into this my longing breast,
And go on from this good hour
To receive Thy work afresh.

Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, let the fire descending
Fill our hearts with power and praise!

Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now to me.

Hallelujah! It is failing,
Perishing all my dross and sin,
Purifying all my nature,
Now I know I'm clean within.

Tunes.—Stand Like the Brave (N.B.B. 157); Oh, Turn Ye (N.B.B. 19).

- 2 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

Chorus.

Stand like the brave,
With thy face to the foe.

Make a full surrender, give your all to God;
Have a full salvation, take it through the blood;
Be watchful and earnest, be prayerful and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down.

He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

Tunes.—Sweet Heaven (N.B.B. 274); Draw Me Nearer (N.B.B. 224).

- 3 With my faint, weary soul
To be made fully whole,
And Thy perfect salvation to see,
With my heart all aglow
To be made white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
With my heart all aglow
To be made white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I Thy promise believe,
That in Thee I shall live,
Through Thy blood shed so freely for me;
To obtain a pure heart,
And secure the good part,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

All to Thee now I give,
Thine to me, Thine to live,
Crucified to this world ever to be;
To be dead unto sin,
With a new heart within,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

- 4 Tune.—Marching On (B.J. 5).
Marching on in the light of God,
Marching on I am marching on;
Up the path that the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

Chorus.

A robe of white a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair;

A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.
For Jesus is my Saviour, He washed my sins away,
Kaid my debt on Calvary's mountain;
Happy in His dying love, singing all the day,
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain.

Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Victory's mine while I've Christ within.

Marching on while the worldlings sneer,
Perfect love casteth out all fear.

Marching on in the Spirit's might,
More than conquerors in every fight.

Marching on to the realms above,
There to sing of redeeming love.

Tune.—Sound the Battle Cry (B.B. 73).

- 5 Sound the battle cry, see the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high for the Lord;
Gird your armor on, stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon His holy Word!

Chorus.

Rouse then, soldiers! Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
While our cause we know must prevail;
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the light;
Kattling for the right, we ne'er can fail.

O Thou God of all, hear us when we call,
Help us one and all by Thy grace!
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear a crown before Thy face.

MY SINS WENT ROLLING AWAY.



- 6 There is a word in God's own Book,
The sweetest word I know,
'Twas written on my heart by grace,
A long, long time ago;
And when that word first came to me
My sins all had to go,
'Tis pardon, wondrous pardon.

My sins went rolling away!
Was in captivity
When pardon came,
Bless His dear name!
'My sins went rolling away!

For long, long years my weary soul
Was in captivity
No human power was strong enough,
To give me liberty;
But one word from my Saviour-King
At once did make me free,
'Twas pardon, wondrous pardon.

And now I've found the secret out,
My joy is quite complete,
And now I am living constantly
Down at the Saviour's feet;
Where'er I go the blessed news
To sinners I'll repeat,
There's pardon, wondrous pardon.

Tunes.—Room for Jesus (N.B.B. 153); Never can Tell (N.B.B. 148).

- 7 Have you any room for Jesus—
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Chorus.

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His word obey!
Swing your heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ the Crucified,
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died.

Have you any room for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus;
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon your heart be cold and silent,
And your Saviour's pleading cease.



Plan of Western and British
Columbia

Fall Councils

THE TOUR OF

Commissioner

AND

Mrs. Coombs.

PRINCE ALBERT.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th.—City Hall.

WINNIPEG.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd.—Conversazh one and Welcome in Citadel.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd.—Councils all day.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24th.—Soldiers' Council in Citadel at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25th.—11 a.m., Holiness Meeting in Citadel. 3 and 7 p.m., Dominion Theatre. "Shadows of the Cross," at night.

BRANDON.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.—City Hall. "Shadows of the Cross."

REGINA.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.—City Hall. Welcome Meeting.

EDMONTON.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29th.—Welcome Meeting.

CALGARY.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.—Opera House. "Shadows of the Cross."

NEW WESTMINSTER.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2nd.—3 p.m., Methodist Church.

VANCOUVER.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2nd.—7 p.m., "Shadows of the Cross."

VANCOUVER.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3rd.—Officers' Councils morning. Opening New Hospital, at 11 a.m.

Immigration Lecture at night in City Hall.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4th.—Councils, morning. Victoria at night.

REVELSTOCK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7th.—Welcome Meeting.

NELSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9th.—Opera House. "Shadows of the Cross," at night.

PERNIE.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10th.—Opera House. Welcome Meeting.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Adj. A. Morris will Accompany the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

The Special Series of Thursday Holiness Meetings in connection with the Campaign at the Temple will be conducted by the following leaders:—

November 9—Brigadier Southall.

November 16—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

November 22—Brigadier Taylor.

November 29—Brigadier Howell.

December 6—Colonel Kyle.

December 13—Brigadier Collier.

December 20—COMMISSIONER COOMBS.